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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Word of Peace Is Spoken

By William Marion Reedy

LAST week's leading article in this paper had for caption "Trotzky Must Be Answered." He besought a statement from Russia's former allies as to their war aims. Lloyd-George has answered for Great Britain. President Wilson has answered for the United States.

Those answers are to Germany as well, for she had said that the peace terms to be formulated at Brest-Litovsk must be accepted by all the powers leagued against her else they would not be binding upon her. Then she had rejected the primary points of the Russian proposals as to self-government for minor nationalities with a programme that meant continuance in subjection of the peoples in all the territories she had taken and occupied. She declared for veiled annexations. The Russians had rejected such terms. Germany stood undisguisedly for conquest.

Mr. Lloyd-George's answer to the Bolsheviks and to Germany was important but not specific enough. President Wilson supplemented that declaration on Tuesday with a statement that brings the purposes of the league against the central powers down to concrete terms. This later utterance utterly drowns the more diplomatic phraseology of the British premier. It is the most lucid exposition yet given of the issues involved in the mighty conflict.

The President goes to the heart of the subject and asks what Germany the Russians have been dealing with—the liberal or the autocratic imperialists? There is no doubt of the kind of peace the Russians seek. They have stated it frankly, "with a largeness of view, a generosity of spirit and a universal sympathy which must challenge the admiration of mankind; and they have refused to compound their ideals or desert others that they themselves must be safe." This is the perfect word eminently due the much maligned Bolsheviks. It is a splendid recognition of their contribution to the cause of democracy. It says that those "insane idealists" have struck the note upon which the war must be ended. The President assures them of our heartfelt desire that "some way may be opened up whereby we may be privileged to assist the people of Russia to attain their utmost hope of liberty and ordered peace." How better could one democracy speak to another prostrate and almost helpless but unsubservient of soul?

Deep is my satisfaction over this because since the beginning of the Russian revolution I have maintained that we should not desert the revolutionists, for the reason that in their purposes lay the hope of a peace of peoples as distinct from a peace of governments. The revolution meant a new power to be reckoned with, beyond all chancelleries and diplomats—a power loosely called socialism but more properly described simply as the people. The allies had made deals with the Romanoff—deals that were secret, deals later revealed as pacts of partition of Europe and mayhap of Asia and Africa. All those pacts are now abrogated. The Russian people have spoken. They want nothing for themselves that they do not want for all the world. Before their sublime utterance the schemes of European politicians have withered to nothingness. Cynical Teutonism sneered at this effort for perfectness and tried to pervert the negotiations into a triumph of devious *Realpolitik*. But Russia stuck to her idealism and broke off the negotiations.

But democratic deep called not to deep in vain. The democracies of the west make sympathetic response, vindicating Russian aspiration in its almost absurd utopianism. The President has developed

and clarified the response of Lloyd-George. He has gone farther than Lloyd-George could go, with an aristocracy fearful of the influence of Russian democracy upon the prestige of privilege in Britain, to reckon with. Our programme like that of the Russians is a programme for the world's peace. It goes almost to the extreme of mystic Slavism. Whoso has the ear properly attuned can catch an echo of the voice of Tolstoy in the winged words of Woodrow Wilson. Here is a condensation of the President's programme:

Open covenants of peace openly arrived at and after that no private understanding, no secret diplomacy.

Absolute freedom of the seas, outside territorial waters, in peace and war, except as they may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

Removal of economic barriers, equality of trade conditions among all parties to the peace associating themselves for its maintenance.

Guaranteed reduction of armaments to the lowest points consistent with domestic safety.

Impartial adjustment of all colonial claims on the principle that in determination of questions of sovereignty the interests of the population concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

Evacuation of all Russian territory, settlement of all questions affecting her in a way to secure her the best and freest co-operation of the other nations in obtaining for her unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy and assure her of sincere welcome into the society of nations under institutions of her own choosing—welcome not only but assistance of every kind she may need and desire.

Belgium to be evacuated and restored with no limitation upon her sovereignty; this the one necessary act to the restoration of confidence among the nations in public law.

All French territory to be freed, the invaded portions restored, the wrong of the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871 to be righted.

Readjustment of Italy's frontiers along clearly recognized lines of nationality.

Assurance of freest opportunity of autonomous development to the peoples of Austria-Hungary.

Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro to be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the seas, and the relations of the several Balkan states to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; international guarantees of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan states.

The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire to be assured a secure sovereignty, and the other nationalities now under Turkish rule to be assured undoubted security of life and absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development; the Dardanelles to be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guarantees.

An independent Polish state to be erected, including the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, to be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and their political and economic independence and territorial integrity guaranteed by international covenant.

A general association of nations to be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike.

For these things we and our associates leagued against the imperialists stand to the end. We make no war to injure Germany "or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power." "We do not wish to fight her with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade, if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace-loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair dealing." We wish her only to accept a place of equal

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ity among the peoples of the world—the New World in which we now live—instead of a place of mastery." And furthermore:

Neither do we presume to suggest to her any alteration or modification of her institutions. But it is necessary, we must frankly say, and necessary as a preliminary to any intelligent dealings with her on our part, that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us, whether for the Reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

We have spoken now surely in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question. An evident principle runs through the whole programme I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation, no part of the structure of international justice can stand. The people of the United States should act on no other principle; and to the vindication of the principle they are ready to devote their lives, their honor and everything that they possess. The moral climax of this, the culminating and final war for human liberty, has come, and they are ready to put their own strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity and devotion to the test.

This is the new Magna Charta of the world.

No longer can the imperialist central powers set up the claim that they are fighting a defensive war. This great charter is for the German people as well as for all others. This is the word of world-democracy. Will the German people get into rapport with this new and better world spirit? They will. They cannot reject the hands held out to them of human brotherhood, from Russia, Great Britain, France, Italy, the United States. They cannot as men be wolves to men. They cannot set up frightfulness against love as the dominant force of the world. They can ask no more than is here conceded and remain members in good standing of the human race. They are asked to give up nothing that is rightfully theirs. When they speak for themselves they will speak peace in these terms. And they will speak soon when the evil spell of autocracy that is on them shall be broken by their own act voluntarily or under the duress of the armed public opinion of a world their masters have outraged in the madness of power and pride.

♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

IT'S up to Germany now. Nietzsche or Christ?

♦♦

More About Our Free Bridge

ST. LOUIS built a \$7,000,000 bridge across the Mississippi that the railroads entering the city from the east might use it for the transportation into the city of goods, chiefly coal, free of the charges exacted on such goods for use of the bridges owned by the railroads. The railroads would not use this free bridge, preferring their own and the freight charges thereon. The bridge has no terminals but they can be built quickly. The government having taken control of all railroads, the city offers its bridge as a facility for war-time speeding up of freights. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the supreme court have said the so-called "arbitrary" on coal from the east over the privately owned bridges is a legitimate one; therefore the railroads that own the bridges now used say that they will use the municipal bridge but will exact the arbitrary. The counselor of the Interstate Commerce Commission, ex-Governor Joseph Wingate Folk, says that the municipal bridge is absorbed into the general railroad system automatically by the President's order, but Director of Railroads McAdoo is considering the subject. The government will take over the bridge, but will it permit the roads to charge the arbitrary, which is a legal rate approved by the highest court in the land, though

of course the roads do not own the free bridge as they do the other bridges? The question is whether they can charge for the use of the bridge they do not own. On the other hand, rates from the bridge is not connected with the railway systems. Having no terminals it is not an effective railway bridge and it must connect with the privately owned terminals to be a part of the system. St. Louis wants coal free of the arbitrary charge of 20 cents a ton for transportation between this city and East St. Louis. It wants a rate on coal the same as the rate to East St. Louis. But East St. Louis says it is nearer the Illinois coal mines and is entitled to the lesser rate. The rate is a natural advantage to East St. Louis of which that thriving city should not be deprived. On the other hand rates from the west are the same to St. Louis and East St. Louis, the larger town having no advantage of its location nearer western shipping points. All of which the supreme court has considered and decided in favor of the arbitrary. Therefore it seems to me that the government directed roads will take and use the bridge and charge the rate on coal to St. Louis, especially as the government is going rather to raise than to lower charges, in order to make the roads pay for themselves. It is going to be difficult to lower a rate that the supreme court has declared to be legitimate and proper. The use of the city's bridge will be paid for, of course, but the arbitrary will probably be exacted by the roads, since the roads own the terminals without which the bridge is useless as a part of the railway system.

♦♦

Let Us Use the Colonel

GENERAL approval will greet the protest of Col. George Harvey in the *North American Review* against the administration's failure to use the genius and power of Col. Theodore Roosevelt in connection with the war. The Colonel should not be left idle, "an unused asset" of the nation. He incarnates a good deal of the best kind of Americanism there is extant. President Wilson could not do anything of greater psychological value in the present crisis than avail himself of the services of the dynamic ex-President. Col. Harvey says that Roosevelt would be useful as the head of a mission to Japan to tighten up connections between that country and this, to the end of winning the war, or that he would do good work as head of a mission to South America generally in order to soften antipathies to us there. It is ungracious and unpolitic to "turn down" an American of the quality of Roosevelt when he offers himself for service, in addition to his sons.

♦♦

Some Seeming Mistakes

WITH all due respect to Secretary McAdoo it is bad business to warn people not to take liberty bonds in lieu of currency in business transactions. Likewise it is bad policy to make the thrift certificates unvendable. Similarly the general adjuration to drastic economy is a mistake, as Mr. J. G. Lonsdale of the Bank of Commerce in St. Louis so luminously pointed out in an article in last Sunday's *Globe-Democrat*. Circulation should be encouraged. Business must be kept going. The injunction against the utilization of bonds as currency and the making of thrift certificates unvendable are calculated to make people think "there's something wrong with them" and hold off from investing in them.

♦♦

Preparedness for Peace

As a result of the government's taking over control of the railroads thousands of men are being thrown out of employment. It is not observed that government has established any instrumentalities for the taking up of this slack in labor. Provision should be made for caring for these workers in some way, and the making of such provision should be the beginning of preparation for labor and industrial readjustment and reconstruction after the war, when the soldier boys return and begin looking for jobs, when the war industries have to revert to the conditions of peace. What the country needs

at once is a capable Commission of Industrial and Social Reconstruction, whose duties will range from the consideration of the tariff to the devolution of the army and the redistribution of the workers. Such a commission is at work in Great Britain and in Germany too. Our employment service of the department of labor now mobilizing 3,000,000 workers for agriculture, shipping and war contract plants, co-operating with the various state councils of defense in such distribution, should have its functions enlarged for the relief of distress due to present industrial dislocations and for the steadyng of conditions when the war is over. Let us not be caught as unprepared for peace as we were for war.

♦♦

Labor and Government

SECRETARY OF WAR and Director of Railroads McAdoo has 1,500,000 railroad workers under his jurisdiction. He will confer with the representatives of those workers' organizations upon grievances or claims as to wages or hours of labor. No order has been issued prohibiting the men from presenting their claims. The President himself has conferred with representatives of the four great railway brotherhoods. Meanwhile another group of workers on the roads is being organized. Section hands to the number of 35,000 have been unionized. Neither the President nor Secretary McAdoo has objected. The government policy with regard to the roads is to be one of conciliation and mediation. But there's to be nothing like that in post-office administration. The head of that department is for the open shop. He does not favor organization of postal employes. As a result organized labor wants to know where the government is going to draw the line on the union question. The labor issue is important in the war crisis. In Great Britain the government made terms with the unions and found that it paid to do so. The premier in his latest definition of war aims, spoke at the request of the unionists. Our Postmaster-General will have no such weak truckling to the workers. How this will affect the vast body of organized workers throughout the country may be imagined. It is not going to make for settled industrial conditions or for efficiency or for increased production. There are 250,000 postal employes as against the 1,500,000 railroad workers. If the former are denied their rights the latter will not remain long contented. There is going to be trouble and Mr. Burleson will be the chief cause thereof. He is seriously embarrassing the administration and he may interfere with the general plan of carrying on the war by thorough co-operation of all the nation's forces. Why should government-run railroads be unionized and government conducted post-offices not? This country cannot afford to ignore the voice of labor. It should take a leaf out of the book of Andrew Bonar Law, Great Britain's chancellor of the exchequer, who has promised British labor that there will be direct conscription of wealth after the war, to the amount probably of \$10,000,000,000. Union Labor on our railroads has not yet asked for conscription of the big salaries of higher railroad officials. If anything can drive union labor into trouble-making here, the attitude of Postmaster-General Burleson is just that thing.

♦♦

Letting Up on the Trusts

IN the midst of arms the laws are silent. The United States government has continued in the supreme court the suits for dissolution of the International Harvester Co., the United States Steel Corporation, the Eastman Kodak company, the United Shoe Machinery Co., the American Can Co., the Quaker Oats Co. and the Corn Products Refining Co. These concerns are alleged to be illegal trusts; but if they should be dissolved, their reorganization would call for the mobilization of large sums of money and that would conflict with the war financing of the government. The government must absorb the supply of new capital and none of it, or at least no more than is absolutely necessary, must be diverted to private enterprise. It is even recom-

mended that states and cities and other political subdivisions shall not vote any more money for public works and shall even, where possible, discontinue work already begun. The trust cases referred to are continued to the next term of court, but the war will not be over by that time, and they will have to be continued again and again. After the war, financial conditions will not be any too good and capital will still be scarce, so it will be a long time before the trusts will be in serious danger of dissolution by supreme court decree. The trusts are emancipated from the gypes of law, even as are the railroads which are now forced into combinations and pools that were illegal and even criminal a few weeks ago. War is forcing upon us socialism on an unparalleled scale, and yet socialism was supposed to be the greatest enemy of war. The Sherman law is suspended. Col. Roosevelt says it should be repealed. It will be repealed as to combinations in foreign trade, by the Webb bill. Col. Roosevelt favors licensing the so-called trusts. At least that much control will be necessary if we are to continue to permit such aggregations of capital and such control of natural resources as have been gathered in the past into a few strong and cunning hands.

♦♦

Northcliffe

LORD NORTHCLIFFE is not coming back to the United States, so the cables inform us. He will stay in England and gather in a few more titles for members of his family. There should be a dukedom or two at least in the grab bag of honors. Or the Harmsworths might be made a sort of subsidiary Royal Family. But, of course, Premier Lloyd-George may not need the Harmsworths now as he did a year or two ago, and there are some signs that the situation is getting away from Northcliffe control. The premier's late speech to the labor unions was more Lansdowne than Northcliffian.

♦♦

Shoddy in War Contracts

SOME big concerns with representatives on the war boards have been selling war supplies to the government. Save in the case of rag-sorting contracts and the transactions in shoddy, it is not apparent that the government has suffered in any of the transactions. The representatives of the contracting concerns had nothing to do directly with the purchases and sales. It is an old law that a man cannot deal fairly when he is both buyer and seller, but this kind of thing has not been disclosed in the transactions referred to. The government took the biggest business men it could get for its boards and councils. They were men chosen for their large knowledge of just such supplies as are needed in a hurry. They are men connected with practically the only concerns that can supply and deliver in the quantities and qualities desired. There seems to have been no way for the government to avoid buying from the only people who had the goods. Little time is there for deliberative nicety in making war contracts. The government has to decide between celerity with possibly some profiteering, and red tape with its deadly delay, and with no certainty that there shall not be plenty of profiteering too. These are the days when strict constructionists of laws and customs cannot expect a patient hearing. Everything has to clear the track for the sake of getting on with the war.

♦♦

Punishing the Press

THE rottenest service in this country just now is the mail service to newspapers, periodicals and their subscribers. But Burleson, P. N. G.—he is unshakably fixed in the affections of the administration, and he taxes the publications of the people but does not deliver them to the people as he should. Burleson says that postal employees have no kick coming: they are better paid than soldiers. So is Burleson. And he doesn't deliver. He's one of the most horrific administrative horrors of war.

♦♦

Revenue Law Defects

SENATOR REED SMOOT of Utah proposes a substitute for the largely unintelligible present revenue

bill. He wants the government to simplify its revenue raising plan in many ways. According to the newspaper dispatches, Senator Smoot would repeal the income tax of 1916, munitions manufacturers' tax, excess profits tax, war income tax, war excess profits tax, the income tax amendment, and also the zone system for a second-class mail matter. For the various war excess profits taxes he would substitute "war profit" taxes, making the pre-war period five years prior to and including 1913 instead of three years, as now. He would make no change in the normal 2 per cent tax upon net incomes of individuals, but consolidate the surtaxes in the acts of 1916 and 1917 and do away with the two different amounts of exemptions. Exemption of \$1000 is allowed to single persons and \$2000 to those with dependents. One hundred dollars is allowed for each child. The bill allows exemption for amounts paid to partners as salaries. Instead of the present normal taxes amounting to 6 per cent on corporations, Smoot's bill would impose 8 per cent except when corporations have less than \$2000 income. The senator claims this will raise \$80,000,000 more than the present taxes—\$715,000,000, instead of \$635,000,000. He obtains his basis for "war profits" by deducting pre-war profits from the income for the taxable year, the pre-war profits to be the average of the selected years, plus 8 per cent of new capital and minus 8 per cent of withdrawn capital. "The estimated revenue," says Smoot, "to be derived from this tax will amount to \$1,351,050,000, based on a war profit of \$3,500,000,000 for the year 1917." The amount to be raised under each bracket is: First, 10 per cent, \$59,500,000; second, 12½ per cent, \$56,250,000; third, 15 per cent, \$33,000,000; fourth, 20 per cent, \$42,000,000; fifth, 25 per cent, \$47,500,000; sixth, 30 per cent, \$45,000,000; seventh, 40 per cent, \$55,200,000; eighth, 50 per cent, \$62,500,000; ninth, 60 per cent, \$90,000,000; tenth, 70 per cent, \$52,500,000; eleventh, 80 per cent, \$837,000,000. Total, \$1,351,050,000. "This is an increase of revenue over the present excess profits tax of \$125,000,000," says Smoot. With such a bill he says there will be no need of an advisory board within the treasury department to help with decisions.

The large Utahian is right in saying that the revenue law needs changing, but he doesn't go at it in the right way. The law should take heavier tolls upon the larger incomes. It should not go after the smaller corporation profits with increased rigor, but should take more of the huge profits of the big corporations that have been coining money out of the war ever since it began. The law should not levy an excess profits tax upon the income of professional men like lawyers, physicians, engineers,

(Continued on page 22)

♦♦

Cabinet-Congress Wires Crossed

By John Spargo

THE eighth "plank" in the National party platform reads: "We believe that all members of the cabinet should have seats in congress, without votes, and be subject to interpellation."

Members of the cabinet occupy positions of first importance in our government. They are the executive heads of the various departments of government. The positions demand men of the highest ability. Yet these officials are not elected by the people. They are not elected by the representatives of the people. They are appointed by the President, who selects men who are conspicuous in their political influence and who, through the distribution of federal offices, can strengthen the political power of the party throughout the country. Not the demands of the departments but the exigencies of partisanship dictate the choice of cabinet members. The cabinet is recognized as the personal political family of the President. One president may choose a weak cabinet which he can ignore or dominate. Once appointed, members of the cabinet can be removed only by the President.

The evils of such an irresponsible ministry are apparent. The executive heads of the departments

of government are entirely distinct from the legislative body and yet the heads of legislation ought to be best known by the heads of departments. Such a separation between the legislative body and the heads of departments, each working independently for a common end, is entirely out of keeping with modern parliamentary ideas and practice. In England and France ministers are chosen from the legislative houses. Men who have shown their fitness are elevated to the control of the departments of war, finance and foreign relations, without ceasing to be members of the legislative assemblies.

Efforts have been made to bring the members of the cabinet into personal contact with our legislative houses. In 1881, for example, a committee, which included such men as James G. Blaine, William B. Allison and John J. Ingalls, unanimously reported a bill providing that cabinet members should occupy seats on the floor of the House of Representatives and the Senate, with the right to participate in debate on matters relating to the business of their various departments; and that the members of the cabinet should attend the sessions of the Senate and the House of Representatives at the openings of sittings on certain days of each week to give information asked by resolutions or in reply to questions propounded to them by the representatives of the people.

Such a change would not make our ministers responsible ministers; but it is a step in that direction. It is a change that must be made at once. At present cabinet members sometimes appear before committees and communicate with members of the legislative bodies by letters answering questions. This method is unsatisfactory. It creates too wide a separation between law-making and the execution of the law. It makes it possible for a man in the cabinet to conceal his unfitness, for it is always possible for an able under-secretary or chief clerk to write letters. Personal contact must be established between the members of the cabinet and the House of Representatives and the Senate. Thus, for example, the executive budget should be presented by the proper administrative officials who would in open debate defend its demands and explain in detail its items, answering such questions as might arise from the discussion. Or, if we mean to abolish secret diplomacy, we must provide for the presence of the secretary of state to give to our senators and representatives such information as they may demand concerning our foreign relations.

The interpellation of all cabinet members in the open sessions of the Senate and the House of Representatives, is one of the most essential demands of those who are determined to make our government democratic in its political methods.

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Other Experiments and Suggestions

Mr. Lindsay Rogers discusses in a recent issue of the *New York Nation* the problem of "Co-operation Between Congress and the Executive," chiefly in relation to the conduct of the war. Congress is "out of it" or is "in" only through the exercise of its power of investigation. Congress realizes that, as President Wilson said when he was teaching politics, it "stands almost helplessly outside the departments," but the President, as President, would not have a congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War. Mr. Rogers points out, as does Mr. John Spargo, the need of fixing cabinet responsibility as was the rule in England until the party truce and the smaller cabinet for the war practically did away with it. Congress cannot vote a cabinet officer out. He stays as long as the President wants him, no matter what congress, or, for that matter the country, thinks of him, unless of course he be impeached, which is a cumbersome and difficult proceeding. Mr. Rogers thinks well of the French system of *Bureaux*. "Each of the French chambers is divided into *Bureaux*, of equal size, every member receiving one assignment by lot. Committees are elected by these *Bureaux*, each of which is entitled to elect one or, in the case of important committees, two or three of its members. The *Bureaux* are chosen

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afresh every month by lot, but in practice, for obvious reasons, it has been found necessary to have the committees virtually permanent. To them all legislation must be submitted before it is introduced in the chambers; ministers have no right to be present at the meetings, but they are invited when they wish to express their views, and the committees claim the privilege of volunteering advice, examining books and papers, and supervising administration." Still, this has its faults, too: "There have been frequent dissensions, and it has been said that harmony exists only when the ministers accede to the wishes of the committees."

Lord Murray of Elibank recommends that the plan be tried in the House of Commons. "The commissions," he says, "work in conjunction with every department of the state. Lately has been established an 'Inter-Commission' representing more particularly the Commissions of Foreign Affairs, War, and Marine, which sits in secret *séance* on an average of three times a week; it consists of thirty-six members of the lower house, with a chairman and secretary. As it is the custom for ministers to appear before the commissions from which the Inter-Commission has sprung, so it has become the practice for this newly constituted body to invite to its deliberations the parliamentary heads of departments and others whose opinions might be considered of value. Thus: the ministers for war and marine appeared before the Inter-Commission to discuss the Dardanelles expedition. Further, all questions affecting the war, whether from the point of view of the supply of men, armaments, or munitions—in fact, everything affecting the policy and progress of the war—are subjects of well-informed discussion before this commission. . . . Ministers would benefit by the fresher ideas and stimulus of their unofficial parliamentary colleagues, who would thus be brought into confidence in a manner not prejudicial to the operations of the war, while Parliament would feel that steps had been taken for more effective parliamentary consultation than hitherto, and those who had complained that the country is the victim of secret knowledge entrusted to a few official individuals would be in some measure satisfied." Debates would be better informed, and finally, "if the war is to be waged by a parliamentary government and not by a dictator, some system must be devised to bring the representatives of the people more into the confidence of the cabinet." That last sentence has pertinency here.

Two halfway experiments have been tried in England. In April, 1916, there were secret sittings of the Commons, at which the government presented facts and arguments for conscription which it was not thought desirable to make public. The experiment was not successful—there was no secrecy. . . . Besides, the public doesn't like secrecy. On June 2 of the same year Lord Kitchener held a conference with members of the House of Commons. About two hundred attended voluntarily, made a gentleman's agreement not to take notes or to divulge any information, and listened to Lord Kitchener while he discussed the problems of the war in a simple and straightforward manner, answering questions when possible. *Three days later the ship bearing him to Russia was sunk and the great soldier disappeared.*

Senator McLean proposed recently that the cabinet members and chairmen of the more important boards and commissions be entitled to occupy seats on the floor of congress with the privilege of engaging in debate on matters relating to their departments, and the duty of answering questions. This accords with the proposal of the new National party as outlined by Mr. Spargo. But congress doesn't want this. I talked to a senator about it and he said: "Hell, no; the cabinet members have too damned much pull in both houses now." Mr. Rogers suggests, too, that "with the present committee chairmen frequently hostile to the administration's programme, it is doubtful whether any beneficial results would follow informal and confidential consultations between cabinet members and congressional commit-

tees. He presents still another difficulty: "A change in the seniority rule governing committee chairmanships is highly desirable, but if men in sympathy with the administration were chosen, they would simply give the President a greater control over congress." The answer is that there are difficulties inherent in any proposal.

Mr. Rogers thinks it might be well to try Lord Kitchener's experiment and have the department heads meet the members of congress who desired to attend for frank conferences, relying upon the voluntary newspaper censorship to keep the deliberations absolutely secret. Without resorting to formal committees as have the French, without being able to hold the government responsible for the activities of separate departments as in England, and without the worry and publicity of cabinet members appearing on the floor of congress, he declares, congress would become better informed, more sympathetic to the aims of the administration, more inclined to delegate dictatorial authority, and less anxious about its misuse; it would be more inclined to pass laws exactly as they are desired by the executive, and it would feel that it was not standing helplessly away from the departments, but was informally asserting some check upon them. Formal investigations, embarrassing to the executive and disquieting to the people, would be less necessary. "Democratic autocracy," he thinks, would be more palatable and perhaps more efficient. But there comes to mind the thought of a possible result like unto the incident narrated in the sentence italicized hereinabove.



Who is Trotzky?

[From many subscribers to the "Mirror" have come requests for a sketch of Leon Trotzky, Bolshevik foreign minister of Russia. Most matter printed about him has been mere abuse of him as a crazy anarchist tool of Germany. Here however is a calm article upon him taken from the New York "Evening Post." It will be observed that everything Trotzky's former editorial associate said about him seven or eight weeks ago has been or is being borne out by the news dispatches from Petrograd—especially the assertion that Trotzky would not stand for a German peace.]

In the offices of a little Russian newspaper, the *Novy Mir*, in St. Mark's place, at First avenue, New York, Leon Bronstein—not Braenstein, as it has sometimes been printed—whose pen name of Leon Trotzky is now known to the whole world as that of the minister of foreign affairs of the Bolshevik government of Russia, labored for two months in 1917 as a member of the paper's small staff. The *Novy Mir*, whose second-class mailing privilege was recently suspended by the post-office department, occupies three rooms and a hallway in the dingy basement of an old-fashioned brownstone residence inhabited in its upper regions by a dentist, a physician and lodgers. Few, if any, of the persons living in the house knew, at the time, of the celebrity that their roof sheltered. He had been famous as a social revolutionist in six capitals of Europe—Petrograd, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Madrid and London—but in New York he was unknown except to the Russians and fellow-Socialists of other nationalities who had heard him deliver burning speeches on the war.

Out of this nondescript cellar office has come the story of Trotzky, told by his fellow-countryman and most intimate friend in America, Alexander Menshoy, a journalist and teacher in the public schools of Russia until he came here four years ago. Mr. Menshoy is the editor-in-chief of *Novy Mir*. In his slow but excellent English, which he said he seldom had occasion to use in New York, he narrated the incidents of Trotzky's career, and described his experiences in America.

Trotzky did his writing in Menshoy's sanctum, a room of about 6x10 feet, just of a size to hold two desks, two chairs and a fireplace, with a great litter of Socialist newspapers and magazines from all parts of the world scattered about. A plaque of Count Leo Tolstoy hangs over the fireplace. Over the

editor's desk is a campaign picture of Morris Hillquit. On the top of his desk is a great disorder of newspapers, manuscript and letters from Russia. The air is heavy with Russian cigarette smoke. In a room to the rear linotypes click and a press is heard running.

Adjoining the editor's office is another small and dark room, in which the business ends of the paper are negotiated. It was in this atmosphere that Trotzky worked and drew his humble weekly stipend, so small as to be "hardly worth mentioning," the editor said smilingly.

Trotzky lived in the Bronx with his wife and two boys, aged nine and twelve, who speak French and Russian, but no English. His living was a precarious one, and he had just enough money to feed his family and keep a shelter over them. Concerning his personal comfort, it is said he cared nothing; money had no meaning for him except as it procured necessities.

"Leon Trotzky, who was a native of the southern part of Russia, came here in the last of January of 1917," said Menshoy, "to find a refuge. He was barred from France, where his paper had been suppressed; he dared not enter his own country at the time; he had been deported from Spain, and a six months' prison sentence awaited him if he should enter upon German soil, as he had been convicted of writing a book in which he attacked the German government and militarism. England, like France, was hostile to him, as was Switzerland, where he had expected to go, so the only place left for him was America.

"In Paris he had been editor of the Russian Socialist daily, *Our World*. As a social revolutionist he took an editorial stand against the war. His paper was first heavily censored by the authorities, and finally suppressed altogether. We used to receive copies of it here. In every issue big spots had been blotted out. In one issue everything had been obliterated except the title of the paper. It was suppressed a little more than a year ago through the influence of the Imperial Russian Government exerted at Paris.

"Trotzky was ordered deported, and taken to the frontier. He had wished to go to Switzerland, but through the efforts of the British government and the acquiescence of the French authorities he was prevented from doing so. This was at the end of November, 1916. He went to Spain, but after crossing the frontier was promptly arrested as the result of a telegram from the French authorities describing him as a dangerous anarchist. For a short time he was detained in prison at Cadiz. His case attracted great attention throughout Spain. The Madrid government decided to deport him by the first outward-bound vessel, no matter where bound, but a Socialist campaign of protest developed immediately in the Spanish newspapers.

"As a well-known character in the international Socialist movement, it was demanded that he be released from prison and the right granted to him to go wherever he wished. The campaign succeeded, and instead of putting him on the next ship, which chanced to be sailing for Cuba, he was released and ordered out of Spain. He had had correspondence with Russian Socialists here and decided to come to the United States.

"He came at once to our office, and began work for us, writing general articles on Socialist subjects, conditions in Russia, and editorial matter. He wrote also of the war and the international situation, and his work attracted much attention from writers of note. He was never interfered with in New York. He also was a contributor to *Zukunft*, the Jewish Socialist magazine here, and the *Jewish Daily Forward*.

"Trotzky is a brilliant speaker, and has much personal magnetism. He is absolutely sincere and honest, and always carried conviction to his hearers. In overcrowded halls he addressed many meetings in New York, Philadelphia and other cities. He speaks Russian, of course, good German, excellent French, and a little English.

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"When the Russian revolution began in March, Trotzky was one of the first of the political exiles from the land of the Czar in this country to undertake to return. He felt he would be greatly needed at home, but it is unlikely that he had any idea he would be elevated to his present post in the government. With his family and seven other friends he started, funds for the trip being supplied to him by a group of Russian revolutionists in this city.

"Trotzky had been president of the Council of Workmen's Delegates—there were no soldiers in it then—in the revolution of 1905. He was arrested, and there was a big trial at Petrograd that drew the attention of all Russia to his case. With other delegates that were arrested, he was exiled for life to northern Siberia, a chilly and inhospitable place, I may assure you, where, like other political exiles, he was supplied with just sufficient money by the government to keep him from starving.

"After a little more than a year in Siberia he effected a most thrilling and sensational escape, his own story of which he has told in his book, or pamphlet rather, entitled 'There and Back.' He is one of the best known of the Russian pamphleteers. Afterward he led a Russian revolutionist's nomadic life for years, always subsisting by his profession, that of a working newspaper man. He could not sit long in any one place, however. He lived in Germany, Austria, Switzerland and France, meantime writing constantly for Russian newspapers, and keeping in touch with his revolutionist friends. He was a regular contributor to *Neue Zeit*, a German Socialist magazine, published in Berlin, and also for the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, of Vienna, the official organ of the Austro-Hungarian Social-Democracy.

"He managed to return to Russia several times under assumed names to assist in revolutionary work and propaganda. There is a center of social democracy in Geneva and another in France. For both of these he worked, writing many booklets, which were distributed by the Socialists.

"In Vienna he had a paper of his own, published weekly in Russian. When the war began in the summer of 1914, he was in Vienna working on this paper. He was obliged to suspend his publication by order of the military authorities the day before Austria declared war on Serbia. At this time he was in close personal touch with Dr. Adler, the leader of the Social-Democrats of Austria. He was a close personal friend of Fritz Adler, the doctor's son, who assassinated Count Sturgh, the Austrian Premier, in 1916. Fritz Adler, who was a Socialist, scientist and gifted journalist, was condemned to death.

"Dr. Adler warned Trotzky to leave Vienna and the country or he would be interned for the period of the war by the military authorities, so Trotzky took his advice and went to Switzerland. Here he wrote a book called 'The War and the International' (referring to the international Socialist body), in which he took a stand against war and attacked the governments of all the warring countries, Germany and Austria being criticised in bitter terms. In the book he took especial pains to state that the proletariat had nothing whatever to do with the war, and that it had been precipitated by the political representatives of the capitalistic classes of the countries affected.

"He maintained that there was no cause whatever for the workers of one country to war on the workers of another, and he especially attacked the Wilhelmstrasse government. His book was sent into Germany, where it was confiscated by the authorities. A trial was begun against the author, although he was far away from the scene of the trial, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. If he ever returns to Germany he will probably have to serve the sentence.

"After his experience here and after he had sailed from New York with his friends to join the revolutionists in Russia last March, he was held up at Halifax at the instance of the British government, searched and arrested. He was put in an internment

camp outside of Halifax. The British government knew his history pretty well, but he was held on the pretense that he was going back to Russia in the interests of Germany and the old Russian regime. We started here a campaign, and at Petrograd another one was begun by the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates to have Trotzky released. M. Milyukoff, first minister of foreign affairs after the revolution, cabled to Canada and demanded Trotzky's immediate release. He was released and allowed to proceed."

Menshoy declared that Trotzky and Kerensky were good friends, and that "no hair of the former premier's head would be harmed" by Trotzky. He declared them very friendly to each other's ideas. "The truth is not reaching America through the dispatches allowed to go to the newspapers," he said. "Things came too fast for Kerensky for a time, and Trotzky took over the reins."

Menshoy said that the government of Trotzky and Lenin was a real revolutionary government that would eventually help Russia out of its chaos. "The clamor for peace is so strong in Russia," he said, "and has so penetrated the Russian people, that only a government that is strong enough to make peace can exist. But the revolutionists do not want a separate peace. It must be a general peace. Russia will not accept any other terms than those announced by the Russian revolution. And what are they? Peace without annexations, without indemnities, and providing that every nation under foreign rule or domination shall have the privilege of determining its own destiny—its own form of government. Either a peace will be concluded on this basis by the revolutionists, or there will be no peace.

"As to practical steps, Trotzky and his followers believe there can be no peace while blood-letting continues, so they seek a general armistice, for all the Allies as well as the Central Powers. If the Central Powers accept the terms laid down, there will be no cause for a continuation of the war. President Wilson's objectives are the same as those of the Trotzky revolutionists. The rulers of the Central Powers don't want to accept the terms, but the people do, and the people of Berlin, Vienna, Budapest and other big cities are demanding that the war cease. Public opinion is almost strong enough, if not quite, to force Germany's rulers to quit. Now is the crucial time. Either the German government must submit or there will be a great uprising. I should not be surprised to see it come this winter.

"The peace parleys are going on openly, and Trotzky will see to it that every word will be communicated to the outside world. There will be no secret diplomacy. The German people will all know the outcome. The American people should not take too lightly what Trotzky and his followers and associates are doing."

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A Recalled Poet-Diplomat

By Margaret B. Downing

THESE are busy times for diplomats to indulge in poetry. Another consideration is that it requires high courage for a man so boldly outlined against the background of momentous affairs as has been Sir Cecil Spring Rice, ambassador to our capital from the court of St. James, to acknowledge dalliance with the muses. Yet in the November issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* may be read two sonnets "To the St. Gaudens Monument in Rock Creek Cemetery," signed by him, and in the contributors' biography one may read that this same poet-diplomat is not alone a worthy statesman and student of public affairs but an Orientalist of renown. The lines to that immortal statue in the Adams' enclosure in Rock Creek cemetery are a worthy addition to the literature which has been gathering about the "dread silent woman" since she first appeared among the ilex and arbor vitae and the murmuring junipers of the park. And they give an intimate view of the ambassador's soul and per-

haps reveal a little of his weariness and discontent over the present chaos. These pregnant lines, the beginning of the second sonnet, tell much. They are a cry from the heart of one who endeavored but impotently to stem the rising tide of international hate,—

*"O steadfast, deep, inexorable eyes,
Set look inscrutable, nor smile nor frown—
O tranquil eyes that look so calmly down
Upon a world of passion and of lies."*

Yet as Sir Cecil is a fatalist, since he is an Orientalist, it follows naturally that he sees that the end at last is peace, must be peace, or else all things earthly must be at fault.

Sir Cecil Arthur Spring Rice is, in some ways, the most self-effacing envoy who has hailed from the British dominions since this country has been honored by such presence. The Britons who have been sent here have been of assertive sort, of the type of Jackson, Crampton and Lord Sackville West, all of whom were recalled for meddling in affairs which did not concern them. Bryce was well beloved, because so much in evidence and Sir Julian Pauncefote, afterwards Lord Pauncefote of Preston, a social mentor, was in residence for almost seventeen years and died at his post of duty. The retiring ambassador has been submerged by events ever since he was commissioned to succeed James Bryce, who retired by his own request. Spring Rice, for though the names are not hyphenated, they are one, was covenanted with the first Wilson administration. He came during the first week after Mr. Wilson's inauguration and had the honor of being the first diplomat received by the new president. How a few short years change friendships and intimacies! About the time that Sir Cecil arrived came M. Constantin Theodor Dunila to succeed Baron von Hengelmuller as ambassador from Austria-Hungary, and gossip had it that the two men, who had served at various capitals together since they had cut their eye teeth in diplomacy, had asked for the Washington mission that they might still be together. They took adjacent cottages in New Hampshire that following summer—it was 1913—and were as much like Damon and Pythias as the legend makes them. And that winter of 1913-14 they became famous passing from house to house like two school boys, for the embassy of Great Britain overlooks the establishment of Austria-Hungary on Connecticut avenue and the interchange of amenities was continual. But, since that fateful August, 1914, Sir Cecil missed his friend, some say so poignantly that life has tasted bitter to him. One who continually visited that stricken image in the still park cannot be entirely happy.

During those months before the great war engulfed his world, Sir Cecil was busy with Bryan and that futile series of arbitration treaties. If Bryan recalls the valuable time he wasted on those "scraps of paper" and the time he made others squander, his conscience must give him twinges. The Briton would have been so much better employed writing sonnets, and very likely he would have selected more cheerful themes. Since the war Sir Cecil has been chained to the rock, given a stupendous assortment of routine work, but none with glory in it. Even the credit of nailing all those ammunition contracts was given over to Sir Richard Crawford, a special minister in residence, with a staff entirely independent of the embassy. As a social figure he has been pre-eminent but precious little of the real negotiations have been placed in his hands. Perhaps less than any of the other diplomats in Washington have handled, but that is not much of a comparison. Mr. Page has seemingly been handing notes to Asquith or Lloyd-George as rapidly as time and space would permit, and the replies have come through Mr. Page and been dispatched to Mr. Lansing. Whether the ambassador feels affronted, no one can say. He has been trained to his work almost from boyhood and he knows more of the real trend of affairs, no doubt, than the looker-on.

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Being a self-effacing man who has disdained to talk of his achievements, Washington knows little of Cecil Spring Rice—not even that writing poetry runs in his family, since he is the nephew of Sir Aubrey de Vere and has other kindred who have wooed the muses, though none so famed as the distinguished Irishman. In the heat and turmoil of the Easter revolt and the Sinn Fein troubles no one took the trouble to notice that Sir Cecil Spring Rice came of the same stock as that Thomas Spring Rice who represented Limerick in the British Parliament from 1822-32 and was created first Baron Montecagle of Brandon in Kerry, for his valuable services to the crown. Irishmen of the Nationalist camp as well as of Sinn Fein have reason to remember those days and the quality of such services. Then this same Thomas Spring Rice, and this present ambassador is his grandnephew, married the daughter of Right Reverend Samuel Butcher, Bishop of Meath, another reason for Irishmen to resent Sir Cecil's activity in running down Sinn Fein trails in this country. A cogent reason also for true Irishmen to dislike this particular family is that they owe their landed estates to the marriage of one of their line, in the late eighteenth century, to the sister of Lord Peter George Fitzgerald, knight of Kerry, and his principal heir. But so many of Briton's exalted have fattened on Ireland that the case of the Spring Rices is altogether commonplace. And Sir Cecil is innocent personally and has held himself aloof from all such entanglements, even in his marriage. He wedded late in life, in his forty-fifth year, the daughter of his chief in many diplomatic posts, Sir Frank Lascelles. Sir Cecil keeps the soft pedal on his Irish career, for of course he lived in the family seat in Kerry until he made a home of his own in the realm of diplomacy.

[The MIRROR has commented on the strange fact that since the war Great Britain has sent over here so many representatives who are distinctly anti-Irish and so very few of the advanced Liberals in Parliament. Liberals like Lord Reading are a joke. Of course T. P. O'Connor is of another type. He is Irish but he's not progressive beyond the speed limit.]

Sir Cecil had made a reputation of his own before he had reached his twenty-fifth birthday, if the British authorities are to be trusted. He went through the usual course, first under tutors, then at Balliol, in Oxford; then came the years of travel and a cub position in the Foreign Office. Soon he was taken over by the Earl Granville as his confidential secretary and shortly after as *precis* writer to the cultured, exquisite Earl of Roseberry, then prime minister. After that he began his diplomatic training in the legations. One of his first missions was here in Washington, and that when Theodore Roosevelt was commissioner of the civil service. He is the third underling in various foreign establishments of the American capital who has been returned in the highest station, seemingly through the prestige attaching to Roosevelt's friendship, the other two being the late Baron Speck von Sternberg, ambassador from Germany, and the late Sir Michael Herbert, who succeeded Lord Pauncelote of Preston and died of tuberculosis while holding the position. Sir Cecil has served at every embassy and legation of importance which Great Britain maintains and it must be he can give valuable hints in a vast range of the higher world-politics. As far back as fifteen years ago, his attainments were recognized, since he was commissioned to draw up reports on recent tariff wars between European states and to present the results to parliament. This work, in which his father-in-law Sir Frank Lascelles was co-author, is the most valuable of his researches, and these studies will without doubt figure when conditions are ripe for their use, when peace shall have come at last. They contain among other pertinent themes, the tariff war between France and Switzerland in 1888-99; the Franco-Italian tariff in 1898 and the Russo-German treaty of 1893-4, together with a complete though

condensed history of commercial and industrial conditions of the time. It is taken for granted that Spring Rice is a free trader, or was until the war came on, though there has been loud outcry in England for tariff reform—meaning exactly the opposite of what the words mean here—for some years. These reports and essays were printed in book form in 1904 by Harmon and Sons, London.

In 1906, Sir Cecil was made minister and consul-general to Persia. He had been for six years previous *charge d'affaires*, and his residence in the historic city of Teheran seems to have been the dominating influence of his literary efforts. Though the *Atlantic Monthly* must have some basis for calling Sir Cecil an Oriental scholar, he has published but one work and that a translation, in collaboration with one Mirza Mahomed. He has never published poetry before the sonnets in the November *Atlantic*, yet no one can safely say he had never written poetry before. This book, of which he is the joint translator, called in the Persian "*Shams-i-Fakrī*" and in the English "The Story of Valeh and Hadjeh," published in London, in 1903 by Duckworth and Co., Covent Garden, is a remarkable bit of philosophy and romance. It is a tale of hapless lovers even more unfortunate than *Romeo and Juliet* and they are much longer in coming to the crisis of their woes. There are exquisite bits of poetry intertwined in the text and one wonders the book has not attained more of a vogue, especially in these days when sex and its thousand ramifications are the vital issues. But as observed before, Sir Cecil is not a good advertiser. The Mirza is a most attractive mentor and he tells the story in picturesque language, as the two friends sit on the stony hills which look over the plain and the older city from which Cyrus and his hosts went forth to conquer the world. The sacred mountain Elburz and the snowy cone of Demavend, near which Cyrus went up to die, are in plain sight and in this majestic environment the Mirza read the tale and explained the words and Sir Cecil put them into excellent English. There are excerpts which should be famous though they seem to come from out the recesses of memory where they have been hidden during all time, as for instance, when the brothers, one the father of *Valeh* and the other of *Hadjeh*, dream of the future when their two beautiful children will wed and bring forth noble offspring to make the world happy:—"This is the thought of man,—and even as his days so is his thought, it passes and is gone. Even as we are, so is our will and our children are even as we. Save God, none is master of his will; man's life is but a blank sheet on which God's finger writes."

There is to the story the cloying sweetness of rose-sodden Persia; all love,—its delights, its pains, its promises and its rare fulfillment, and underneath, the solemn fatalism: that which is to be will be, struggle as you may. Anyone familiar with literature cannot fail to be reminded by this work of a performance in kind but more rapt and warm in degree of power—Moore's "Lalla Rookh." In 1903 the author was forty-four years of age and the wonder is that his interest in such tearful tales of love could have been sustained. The effort would be more fitting for a stricken youth of twenty who had just received his first mitten. But it throws a light on the diversions of a diplomat, permeated with the subtle philosophy of the east. It is hinted that Sir Cecil wrote other translations of Persian idyls, while in Teheran. It may be he will be encouraged by the warmth of the reception given his sonnets to publish more of them. Perhaps he has other sonnets which the public will be as glad to read as it was those on the St. Gaudens statue, the cryptic meaning of which no man yet has solved. Sir Cecil writes of Azrael, the angel of mercy, and there is a suggestion that he takes St. Gaudens' meaning as that of the Persian poet:

*That fair one whose head was bowed with pain
and sorrow;*

Not a woman, but a revelation of mercy.

When *Valeh* is hopelessly parted from his beloved, he cries to fate, a woman, such as sits in the park at Rock Creek:

*Hate mercy, hate mercy and in my dreams and
but for one hour, lead me to my love.*

As these last lines are being typed comes the news of Sir Cecil Spring Rice's retirement by the British Foreign Office, but it is not believed in Washington that he has been summoned home because he contributed poetry—and good poetry—to the good old *Atlantic*.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 1, 1918.

♦♦♦

Charles Bowdoin Fillebrown

By Alexander Mackendrick

SINGLE TAXERS of Massachusetts are mourning the loss of a veteran leader; one who for the last quarter of a century has taught the pure doctrine of Henry George in words of persuasive eloquence, who brought all the force of his remarkable personality to bear upon the science of taxation, and who captured the sympathies of the ruling authorities to an extent that, unfortunately, the more strident among the propagandists have failed to do. The Old Bay State has indeed been singularly favored in the possession of such an exponent of the natural and righteous basis of revenue-raising. In his own self-chosen role of teacher of the Economists, the taxation experts, and the leaders of the business-life of the community, Mr. Charles Bowdoin Fillebrown of Boston occupied an unique position. Twenty years ago there were begun in Boston under his direction a series of banquets extending over the following ten winters, to which were invited as guests the members of various organizations, and to whom the single tax theory of revenue-raising was explained and elucidated. These organizations included the real estate men, the clergy, the bankers and financiers, the assessors and others. Shortly after this time Mr. Fillebrown began his series of questionnaires to the professors of political economy asking for their definitions of ground-rent, and for affirmative or negative replies to certain interrogatories. Out of the answers to these questions there grew the "Catechism" with which his name has been associated. This was followed by the "A. B. C. of Taxation," a book which, as has been recognized by Professor Arthur Nichols Young of Princeton, served to place its author alongside Thomas G. Shearman of New York, as one of the foremost single-tax exponents in the United States. From time to time thereafter there were issued the series of pamphlets which have enjoyed a large circulation among students in economics in and outside of the universities. In 1914 Messrs. McClurg of Chicago published as one of their social science series Mr. Fillebrown's little book "Taxation," and in 1917 his last achievement in book-making, "The Principles of Natural Taxation."

And now that he rests from his labors with so substantial a memorial of good work done, his numerous friends may indulge in memories of his picturesque personality, his dignified and gracious demeanor, his incisive intellect with its keen sense for fundamentals, his imperturbable courtesy and broad tolerance, his patience under opposition even of the kind that fights beneath the armor of stupidity, and his complete immunity from the personal vanities and littlenesses which so frequently accompany strength of character. "Take him all in all we shall not look upon his like again," and it may be hoped that the affection he inspired will impel his admirers to a steady continuance of his work. That work distinctly was to convince the world that life-conditions under the single tax will be better for all, including even those who are by instinct most opposed to it.

The details of Mr. Fillebrown's life may be shortly told. Born at Winthrop, Maine, in 1842, he served during the civil war from 1862 to 1866, and

immediately thereafter, with a preparatory training of eighteen months at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he entered upon the commercial career which terminated a few years ago on his retirement from the dry goods business. Since that time his energies were entirely devoted to the cause he had so much at heart. His friends were numerous; and, strange to relate of a man who set himself to the defense of public rights as against private privileges,—of his enemies there were none.

♦♦♦

The Old Bookman

CONFESIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE
By Horace Flack

XLI.—*OBSERVATIONS ON CREALY'S BATTLES AND SOME OTHERS*

Of course I have Creasy's "Battles" somewhere. It has been published in so many cheap editions that it is now no sort of a distinction to have it. It has been selling at second-hand for little or nothing for about a quarter of a century, during which we have been getting our minds into a state of "preparedness." After we do get into a state of preparation for anything whatever, nothing less than a miracle can prevent that thing from occurring. So if you wish to know what we are going to do during the next quarter of a century, find what we are now preparing to do—without knowing it. Incidentally I am confessing ignorance of what that is, but my intention in beginning was to confess that, though I have read all Creasy's battles, and have read of more than five thousand others, perhaps, there may be 10,000 more of which I know nothing at all. Some of these may be as important as the battle of Orlystaed, fought in the thirteenth century, of which I know nothing more than that after Thori was overpowered and captured, he was about to have his head cut off. My knowledge of Thori is largely inferential. I infer that he had a dragon-ship, in the management of which he had spent from forty to fifty enjoyable years as a viking, or pirate, and that he expected to end a successful career in Valhalla, drinking mead with Odin and Thor from a silver-rimmed cup, made from the skull of his most esteemed enemy. Inferentially, he was so highly esteemed as an enemy that, after he was decapitated, his skull was carefully prepared and mounted, no doubt, so that after his captor had used it for joyful conviviality in this life, it could be buried with him for his own special and exclusive use in Valhalla. The recorded fact that interests me aside from these inferences is that before he was decapitated Thori was permitted to say a few last words. This he did by quoting what is called a "Norse epigram." I would consider it rather a Viking Chanty, and with apologies to Thori, I offer this paraphrase for the use of Mr. Rudyard Kipling:

*"Climb on the keel when the long boat turns over;
Cold though the waves feel, you have been a rover.
You have had a fair maid,—you have been a lover.
Smile now, old grayhead,—death will soon be over."*

I think Thori may be a man after Mr. Kipling's own heart, and I feel quite sure Mr. Kipling knows the classical pronunciation of the English language well enough to read "head" as a perfect rhyme for "maid." Also I am glad to observe that I am not responsible for a single line in a poem which, in his capacity of an instructor for America, Mr. Kipling cabled over the other day, though he wrote it under a heading I wrote about the year 1895, previous to which date it had never been used in the English language or any other. If Mr. Kipling can make any further use of it, he is welcome. He can write the English language and put tune into it as well as Thori's bard could write Old Norse in the thirteenth century. That is saying a great deal. Mr. Kipling never had a higher compliment to his skill in making pirate chanties that will really sing in your ears if you are about to lose your head.

Returning now to Creasy's battles and other battles, the observation I was about to make is that

Thori and I share a habit which belongs of right only to the simple-minded. We do not mix our mythology. We know we are praying to Thor when we invoke the "God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of the far-flung battle line." If I were to die in battle for "dominion over palm and pine,"—and I do not purpose to do anything of the kind,—the heaven I would hope to reach would be Valhalla. There I would be especially pleased to meet Thori, who, among all pirate heroes known to me, is my favorite. Among modern Viking bards, Mr. Kipling himself, since he sang for the overthrow of the Boer republics, is so far my favorite above all English laureates, that I would prefer his skull, properly mounted, for my mead in Valhalla, to any other. By the same token, he is welcome to mine, if he will so far honor it after I have no further use for it.

♦♦♦

Art and Imagination

By Orrick Johns

ART is an expression in form of the movements of the imagination.

It is necessary to live the life of the imagination to produce art.

The life of the imagination cannot be taken up and put down as one lights a cigarette and throws it away.

It is not compatible, therefore, for one who lives the so-called active or acquisitive life to produce art in modern times.

The living of such a life not only precludes the possibility of producing art, but dulls the power of perceiving it.

This is the reason why most moderns in industrial civilizations cannot enjoy art. Good intentions do not alter the matter. It is the reason why it is almost impossible for moderns to produce art in any quantity or depth.

That which is produced best and is closest to art in the modern world of letters is a form of brief lyric satisfaction.

This is one of two things: the expression of talent that is lazy; or the expression of talent that is engaged in the life of activity and acquisition, excluding the possibility of life in the imagination.

From this it would follow that the life of the imagination is capable of being increased or diminished in the proper individuals, according to the amount of freedom from the life of activity attained.

The victim of the life of activity will not always understand this as clearly as those who are in a better position and are able to observe him.

Such a man will frequently believe he is creating art when he is only recording brief lyric satisfaction.

These satisfactions are of the nature of comic relief or of escape.

Writing which is merely a consolation to the writer is as little entitled to be called art as writing which is intended to be a consolation to the reader.

It compares to art as hypnotism or inebriation does to natural ecstasy.

Art may be said to console the imagination, if by that we mean that it satisfies or fulfills it. It may carry the imagination beyond satisfaction by impregnating it.

Art never consoles the baser feelings.

To say, in the common sense, that Art is intended to better man, is the same as saying that living is intended to feed man.

Art is a labor of the imagination; if it is not exclusively labor this is because all movement of the imagination is pleasurable.

What I am now putting into words is original thought. It is not a labor of the imagination. Yet it conveys to me by implication with that volatile matter, a subtle odor of pleasure, as the presence of a perfume suggests the satisfactions of the presence of a personality.

Every word has two meanings, two lives, two colors; one associated with the word's utility, the other with the word's character when found in a work of art.

One of these lives is negative, or neutral; the other is positive, vital, aggressive.

The location of a word in a work of art cannot alter its meaning. Variations arise from the difference in vibrations created by the adjustment of the part to the whole; of the word to the complete work.

Prose or poetic art is the use of words in the second value referred to, and the exclusive use of them in that mood.

If eleven words set up their aggressive vibrations and the result possesses unity it is art. If three do it or a thousand it is art.

The appreciation of poetry or prose decreases as the utility sense of words predominates in the individual. Children, therefore, have greater powers of developing appreciation for prose and poetry than older people. Older people, however, who ignore the utility sense of words, are greater appreciators of art than children to the degree that their experience has subtilized their imagination.

The relation of an experience to its corresponding life in imagination is about the same as that of the seed of a fruit tree to the color and shape of the tree after it has grown.

It is of no benefit to condemn technique. The discussion and comprehension of the larger unities is impossible until the smaller unities have been thoroughly understood and made use of.

The struggle between art and machinery will continue until both have drawn from and balanced each other. The war has shown us what a complete and unqualified victory for machinery would mean.

I have left out an important thing. What is imagination? Imagination is the twilight space between becoming and being. This space occurs in all physical processes; and we see that the creation of art is no other than itself a physical process or change, like the coming of light into a room. Imagination is no more clearly explainable than the manner in which a wheel stops rolling. In artists, however, we can know its nature, because in them it is a period immensely magnified, and its processes assume large gestures: a good deal in the manner of a dream, in which the happenings immensely magnify the actual space of time consumed. This leads us to an important hypothesis of the imagination, and one which, to my mind, clears up many apparent confusions regarding it.

Imagination is that quality in human life which has no relation to time.

Applying this hypothesis consciously and responsibly to works of art, we should open up a method of criticism more valuable to the modern world, perhaps, than the "Poetics" or the "Laocoon."

Reflections

(Continued from page 17)

etc. Those who "get" from the war are those who should be made to give for the war. And the one great interest which the present war taxes do not touch at all should be brought under their taxation. There should be a heavy tax upon all land held out of use. This, not only to increase revenue, but to increase production. The government should throw open all its land resources to use on a basis of taxation of land values. It should secure adequate taxation upon the five billion dollars of land value in the railroads of the country. Instead of digging down after the small incomes of people whose earnings are from labor, the government should take more of the income that comes from privilege. Simplification of taxation is of course desirable, but justice is more desirable. But justice and simplification could be made synonymous by taxation that would take for the benefit of all the values created by all. The big incomes of the war industries are nationally created and they belong to the people of the country, especially as the big incomes are yielded mostly by interests that have control of vast national resources. The small man in a financial sense is already overtaxed in rent and in the general high cost of living. Senator Smoot's taxation ideas are not radical. He is a Republican. His bill cannot pass over the opposition of the Democrats. Senator Simmons and Representative Kitchen and their fellows will not have it so. Nor will they make taxation more democratic. The administration is going more and more to bonds. We know where the bonds will finally wind up, to whom we shall finally have to pay them. The country needs more taxation and more exacting taxation upon the fellows at the top. The fellows at the top are there because they pocket the money that should be taxed out of their possession into the common treasury.

♦♦

Busting the U. R.

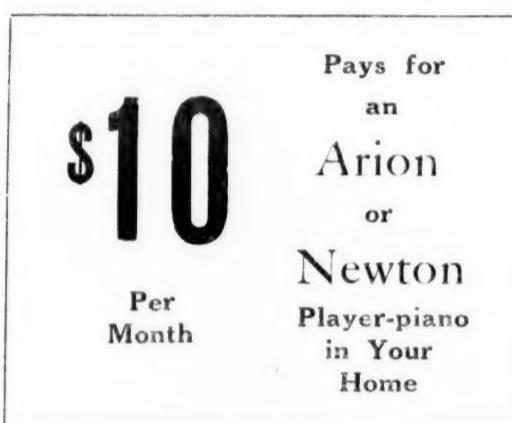
A STOCKHOLDER of the United Railways of St. Louis has applied for a receiver for the street car transportation properties of that corporation. He does this in order to get in ahead of a friendly receivership suit which he says is contemplated with a view to breaking the system into its component parts and escaping among other things the tax of one mill per passenger per year. This tax the corporation says it cannot pay and at the same time give the service the city demands and earn enough to meet fixed charges and pay dividends. The company seeks a compromise of the mill tax imposition in an ordinance pending and curiously held up by a committee of the Board of Aldermen. If the company cannot get the compromise, it has said, it cannot continue to operate and must go into bankruptcy. All the time the service gets worse for lack of money to improve and expand it in response to the needs of the population. Opponents of the compromise proposal say that the company is atrociously overcapitalized, that it could make good money and pay the mill tax, too, on a reduction of capitalization from more than \$100,000,000 to a figure much less

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Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth

than the \$40,000,000 to which the company proposes to scale down its securities. Now comes this intransigent stockholder and says the company is abominably muleted in the prices it pays for electric power to a corporation in between itself and composed of its owners to the company that operates the great power plant at the Keokuk dam across the Mississippi river. In short, the railway company is losing money because it is paying too much to one of the subsidiaries of the great North American company which owns both the subsidiary and the United Railways. So that the situation is this: the United Railways is bound for a receivership anyhow, friendly or unfriendly. A receivership will not tend to get the city better service, if the receivership means the dissolution of the system in order to meet the claims of the holders of securities of the component lines of the system. Possibly a receivership might wipe out the transfer system, though that would be against public policy. The new development in United Railway affairs will not immediately advance the

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improvement of service. A "busted" street railway system will not be a good advertisement of the town. It won't help St. Louis to have the owners of the United Railways lose money as so many have lost it in the Frisco, Missouri Pacific, Wabash and M. K. & T. roads. But there seems to be no way out other than a receivership, unless the compromise bill be passed. For myself I think the compromise bill should be passed and put up to the people by referendum, but if that cannot be done and we must have a receivership and maybe two or three for underlying lines, and the service continues to "go to pot," then I think it is time for the citizenry to get together and initiate and enact a law for the municipal ownership or operation, or both, of the street car transportation system. What the government

has done with regard to the steam railroads gives St. Louis its cue as to its street railroads. It is no satisfaction to the city to have the street railway system "broke" and it is an affliction to have the service crippled when the need is for improvement, but if the Board of Aldermen won't give the company a chance to straighten itself out financially, why, let the receivership come and let the city go into the street railway business on its own account.

♦♦

Conscription Constitutional

THERE is something almost ridiculous in the elaborate profundity of the supreme court opinion sustaining the constitutionality of conscription for service in arms at home or abroad. The power is implicit in the very idea of nationhood, and so far as concerns the right

of the states being overridden by conscription, the fact is that this is a nation one and indivisible, "an indissoluble union of indestructible states." The right of states to secede is non-existent and the right of the individual citizen to secede has limitation most definite. A country without the right to summon its citizens to its defense would be no country at all. Civilization depends upon the co-operation of individuals to the end of maintaining its guarantees to all. For the greater or greatest good of the greatest number the minority can be coerced, in spite of Herbert Spencer's "Right to Defy the State." The state as God is the opposite extreme of unrestricted individualism and is as much to be condemned as the limitless individualism that would leave society at loose ends without a common ground for the exertion of effort for purposes representing upon the whole the common consent of the people as to the rights of each modified by the rights of all. A society must have the right to defend itself and to enforce the service in that defense of those who participate in the benefits of the social compact. In individualism as in stateism the Greek counsel of wisdom holds good: "Nothing too much."

♦♦

The Common Sense of Academic Freedom

We have heard much of late concerning "academic freedom," as a result of the action of university trustees in dismissing professors for teaching or preaching doctrines held to be disloyal. There was a lot of the same thing when trustees "let out" teachers who supported the free silver views of Mr. Bryan. Ever and anon some professor is fired for teaching socialism or assailing the tariff or advocating public ownership or inculcating ultra-eugenics. There are always "heresy hunters" with us. Likewise there are always some teachers who talk too much and too loosely and, in their quest of martyrdom, make themselves disagreeable to the heads of universities or colleges. A wise teacher can always "get across" his ideas and convictions without getting into trouble. There are, of course, fool presidents and trustees who want to make themselves solid with the financial powers to which or to whom their institutions are indebted for endowments. They lack tact. They are superzealous as are the rampagously radical professors. "Academic freedom" is one thing. Free and unlimited and offensive fantasicality of notoriety-earning fanaticism is another. Freedom of speech is a noble ideal, but if everyone spoke always and everywhere anything and everything he thought, the result would be social chaos. The best thing I have seen on this subject I find in the report of Professor Frank Thilly, retiring president of the American Association of University Professors, printed in the November issue of the *Bulletin* of the association. It is good, sound democratic common sense compromise between authoritative absolutism and individualism without restraint either autogenetic or heterogenetic. Professor Thilly says:

It is not too much to ask that the governing bodies of our universities leave the determination of the line to

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STIX.BAER & FULLER

be drawn between the allowable and unallowable in speech and conduct to the faculties themselves, who can be trusted to act in the spirit of patriotism and common sense. We object to the dismissal of professors unless there is a just ground for their dismissal and unless their guilt has been clearly established, after a full and impartial examination of the facts by their colleagues and after they have been heard in their own defense. By proscribing scholars who are loyal at heart, but whose opinions on secondary issues may not meet with our approval, and by setting the official stamp of dishonor upon them, without a hearing, the university authorities lay themselves open to the charge of denying the right of independent thought to anyone but themselves, and of exceeding even the arbitrariness of Germany, which would at least leave the task of proscription to its government.

"The members of our profession stand loyally behind the President in this war; many are serving the nation, and many more are eager to serve in any capacity in which the leaders of the country may choose to employ them. They have no sympathy with the disloyal and even with the indifferent, and they do not believe that this is a time for ill-considered speech and action; but they are not ready to brand as traitors persons whose patriotism may not express itself in the same form as their own. They believe in the vigorous prosecution of the war upon which our country is engaged; they condemn every attempt that is made to hamper the nation in the successful conduct of the grim work that has to be done; and they do not look with favor upon those who, in times like these, insist upon an inalienable right to say whatever they please on every and all occasions. A thoroughly conscientious man will carefully

question for himself whether he is justified in promulgating ideas which may be dangerous to the public welfare. While we cannot leave the decision of the correctness of his behavior, under the exceptional circumstances of our present existence, entirely to his own individual conscience, we are surely not prepared to leave it to any group of persons who would deny him the right of a fair defense against specific charges.

♦♦

The Phonograph in Propaganda

In these busy days of Red Cross, Liberty bonds, thrift stamps, food conservation, etc., when the government is utilizing every available means for patriotic appeal it remained for a St. Louisan, Mr. Guy Golterman, to hit upon the simplest, most obvious and most effective. A printed message, however eloquent, may leave one cold and still, but communicate that message through a vibrant human voice and the most lethargic heart is stirred. Therefore Mr. Golterman would make the talking machine a propaganda machine. He would record the public utterances of statesmen, scientists, financiers, business men on phonograph discs and disseminate them throughout the country to be heard by chambers of commerce, advertising clubs, public library audiences, clubs, universities, even in the homes. Think of the immense patriotic appeal, for instance, to be had from the President's message to congress personally delivered—and reiterated—to all the nation. The plan is more than an idea. It has progressed to the formation of a society for its execution, called the Na-

tion's Forum, and the co-operation of one of the largest manufacturers of phonographs and discs has been secured. This company has not only offered the use of its recording stations but has perfected a portable recording apparatus which will permit voice registrations in every part of the world. The original records will be made on indestructible steel plates and reproductions for general distribution will be run on a highly improved talking machine made especially for recorded speeches and with powers of projection that give it much greater range than any machine now marketed for commercial purposes. There are limitless possibilities in this project—which will bring the whittling clubs of the corner stores into close touch with the national government—and its success is practically assured by the approbation of men high in government circles. George Creel, chairman of the committee on public information, has given it his hearty endorsement.

♦♦

Democratic Opera

I AM strong for democratic music. Music for the people, not for the plutes at \$5 per seat. Therefore I rejoice that the Boston English Opera Company is to open in this city at the Odeon, January 16th, with a season of old-fashioned opera at prices \$1 for box seats, \$1 and 75 cents for the lower floor and 50 cents for the balcony, with still lower prices for Tuesday and Thursday matinees. The repertoire is "Il Trovatore," "Martha," "The Bohemian Girl." They aren't new, but they are music. The



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NO shortage of crisp, snowy white linens is apparent here—the plans for this sale were laid almost a year ago—and as a result hundreds of cases of linens were safely stored away in our warehouses—so that the thousands of St. Louisans who always turn to this event to supply their needs should find the variety and assortments as broad and extensive as in former years.

* * *

Of course there have been sharp advances in the costs of materials, but this was partially overcome by our foresightedness and advantages in the markets. In addition to this if you take into consideration the fact that good linens are becoming scarcer and the prices are going higher—you can readily see how profitable it will be for you to supply all your future as well as present needs here and now.

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company has had a huge success during four months in Chicago. Its principal singers are such competent artists as Joseph F. Sheehan, John W. Warren, Hazel Eden, Florentine St. Clair, Elaine de Sellem, Alice May Corley, Francis J. Tyler and Arthur Deane. These are

voices, not mere salaries. They are supported by a big, well-drilled chorus and the company is well-equipped scenically. Such an organization we knew once here—the Castle Square at the old Exposition. From that St. Louis learned to love music—from that and Gilmore's,

Sousa's and Herbert's bands. There has never been any such opera in English since. It was the making of Henry W. Savage. It made many an operatic star too. St. Louis should turn out strong to hear the Boston company in the old favorite operas. The music critics of the Chicago papers have been unanimous in praise of the Boston company's performances, not because of the popular prices but because of the excellent orchestra, singing and acting. St. Louis should show an appreciation that will get us a four months' season of the operas that we cannot hear too often, that we always hark back to after hearing much of the new stuff which we cannot help feeling is too much "better than it sounds."

* * *

WHAT superb team-work is that of Woodrow Wilson and Lloyd George! Talk about efficiency!

* * *

How About Ireland?

NOR a word about Ireland in the fourteen propositions of the President's world's peace programme. Yet Ireland is a small nation governed without its complete consent. It is not so much better off than some of the smaller nations in Austria-Hungary. It is fighting, in no small part for England, but so is Bohemia fighting for Austria-Hungary. The only counter consideration to disappointment over failure to say anything for Ireland is that the English have passed a home rule law, even if it is suspended during the war, and an Irish convention is deliberating a scheme of government for the island that will be accepted by all factions.

* * *

Sins of the Censor

Collier's Weekly is leading off with a powerful and not intemperate attack upon the United States censorship abroad and at home. The *Collier's* solo will be taken up shortly as a chorus. The people will be found back of the press. The people want the facts. They don't want a lot of press-agent flubdub. They don't want any irresponsible, sensational fault-finding or partisan writing up or down of soldiers or civilians in authority. They want a free press with strict accountability and responsibility. Mr. Wythe Williams' article in the current *Collier's*, "The Sins of the Censor" is the kind of straight-from-the-shoulder dealing with the war that the public has been waiting for. We do not want incompetency or possibly corruption shielded anywhere by the assumption that any criticism of men or policies is treason. We want news. There is a strong suspicion that much of what we have been getting as news is in fact nothing but "dope."

* * *

A Thriller

IF it's an intensely interesting and amusing evening you're after, go to the Garrick and see Bayard Veiller's melodrama, "The Thirteenth Chair." Here is deepening mystery for two and a half hours, spookiness and murder and intrigue and an inspector who's not so smart as you are sure Joe Garry is going to act him out, and apparently perfectly obvious solutions of the mystery that are away off. The actors are good, too, especially the one who turns out to be the double murderer. "The Thir-

teenth Chair" will raise the hair even of a highbrow. It is good fun with thrill accompaniments.

* * *

Backing Up Peace Terms

BECAUSE the President's peace programme ought to stop the war right away is no reason that it will. The programme will be all the better if this country continues its activities and intensifies them to the end of bringing to bear against the Teutons our maximum power in men and munitions and ships and ships and ships. That's the way to hasten peace just now—to show we will fight for it to the last extremity. We must back up our peace proposals with effective war action.

* * *

Tom Randolph

A big banker, and what's more a big man, passes out in Tom Randolph of the Bank of Commerce. He mingled happily business and *bonhomie*. His good-fellowship was not an affectation. He had western breeziness, southern courtesy and eastern gumption in effective combination. Seldom is one man in any business at once so able and so likable as was Tom Randolph. He did much for St. Louis banking in the southwest. He did many handsome, kindly things for many men whom to help was no material benefit to himself.

* * *

Where He's Going

PRESIDENT Wilson's policy is free seas, free nations, free trade. He hasn't yet come to free land as has Russia, but the logic of his actions is gradually but inevitably leading him to that. There cannot be perfectly free anything in the domain of politico-economics without free land. That is the specific against monopoly, aristocracy, autocracy, plutocracy and most powerful and dreadful of all—poverty.

* * *

THE railroads are to get the freight raises they have been asking for ten years. If they'd got them before, the country might not have had to commandeer them for the war period.

* * *

Trotzky's Dream

GERMANY is planning to "bring order out of chaos" in Russia. The Bolsheviks hope to spread revolution in Germany by example. And the very latest interview with Trotzky declares that "the allies really wish Germany success in Russia." Trotzky seems to think that no peace will be worth while but a peace between revolutionized peoples. His and Lenin's "theory calls" as the London *Nation* says, "for a revolutionary peace, which will, by its democratic daring and originality, awaken the slumbering will of the German and even of the British proletariat, and lead up to the general revolution."

* * *

JANUARY sale of rare and beautiful novelties, furniture, etc. Ten per cent to 25 per cent reduction. Warfield Shops, Euclid and McPherson.

* * *

Mrs. Knickerbocker—They tell me one of the girls made a *faux pas* at the cooking-class lunch that everybody noticed.

Mrs. Comecup (*proudly*)—I guess it was my daughter. She can make any of them French things.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Eight Novels

By Bert Love

When whelmed are altar, priest and creed;

When all the faiths have passed; Perhaps, from darkling incense freed, God may emerge at last.

--WILLIAM WATSON.

Mr. H. G. Wells is struggling desperately to find God. In several of his books published since the beginning of the war he makes serious quest. "God the Invisible King" preceded "The Soul of a Bishop" (Macmillan, New York), and both of these followed close upon "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," wherein a fine brand of patient and indomitable patriotism carried on the Wellsian Godquest. "The Soul of a Bishop" is disappointing to the person who reads for a story. It lacks continuity; it flounders; the action subsides, is submerged here and there, and never rises far enough out of the water-waste to make the spectator, otherwise the reader, follow it with the thrillful interest attaching to the movement of a strong swimmer.

This book suggests—but merely suggests—Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere" of a quarter-century gone. In both books a clergyman gropes his way out of doubt and darkness into light; but in Mrs. Ward's work there is a well-told story, with the broadening minister a truly human character. In Mr. Wells' work the bishop whose soul is exposed to view is more or less of a mystic; he probably is Mr. Wells himself in the travail of moulting. The bishop has visions wherein he gropes Godward, gets gradually away from the creeds of the Established Church, finds them non-sufficient, not meet and fit for the changing conditions of life. Ultimately the bishop moults the religious encasement in which he grew up and which he accepted without question until the war shocked him into a conviction of its insufficiency. Yet in the end, though the bishop—now ex-bishop by his own evolution—appears to be satisfied with his new conception of God and religion, the reader is left floundering and is inclined to ask, "What's it all about, anyhow?" Let us quote briefly:

"He (the moulted bishop) whispered four words very softly: 'The Kingdom of God!' He was quite sure he had that now, quite sure. The Kingdom of God! That now was the form into which all his life must fall. . . . Here at last was a king and emperor for mankind for whom one need have neither contempt nor resentment; here was an aim for which man might forge the steel and yield the scalpel, write and paint and till and teach. Upon this conception he must model all his life. Upon this basis he must found friendships and co-operations. All the great religions, Christianity, Islam, in the days of their power and honesty, had proclaimed the advent of this kingdom of God. It had been their common inspiration. A religion surrenders when it abandons the promise of its Millennium. He had recovered that ancient and immortal hope. All men must achieve it, and with its achievement the rule of God begins. . . . 'I will live for the ending of all false kingship and priesthood, for the eternal growth of

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OLIVE & EIGHTH

the spirit of man.' He was, he knew clearly, only one common soldier in a great army that was finding its way to enlistment round and about the earth."

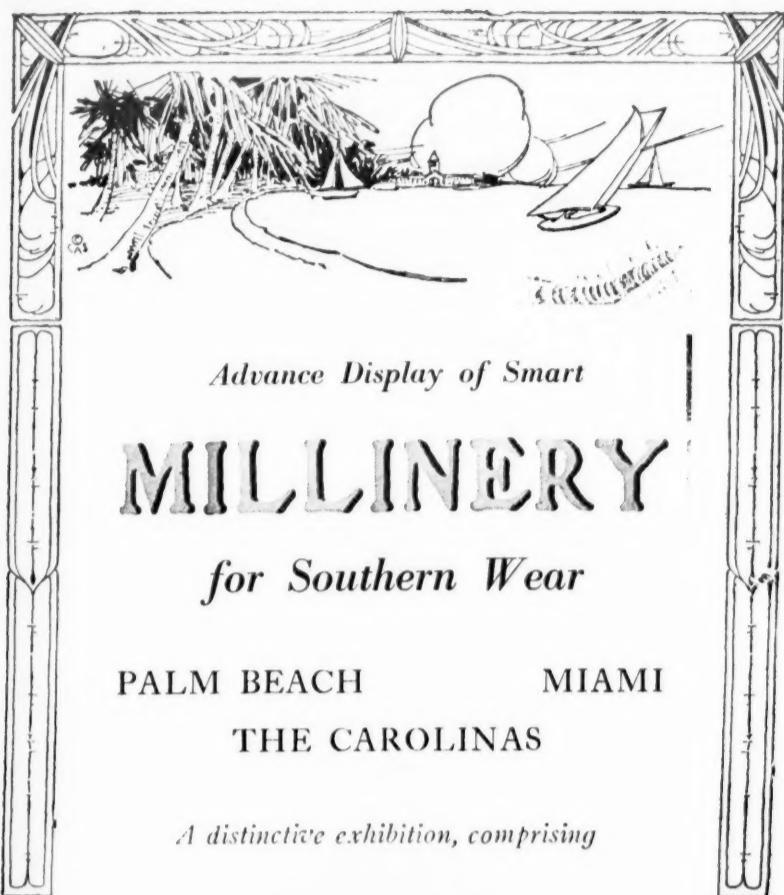
❖

A book read immediately after the Wellsian God-quest is Alfred Tresidder Sheppard's "The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan" (Appleton, New York). The title-page mentions Mr. Sheppard as the author of "The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan." *Ledgar's Quest* begins on page

one when he is discovered in bed with his bride on their wedding night. "Mary lay in quiet slumber by his side." This book is a story, albeit some of the pages lead into by-paths of tremendous theorizing as to life's supreme tragedies. While the author evinces a scholarly grasp of things, indicating wide and unusual reading and a profound sense of religious feeling, the book contains certain situations almost of the dime-novel breed of thrill; yet these are

handled deftly and without vulgarity. There is, for instance, the brilliant genius who, having escaped from an asylum for the insane to which he had been committed because he imagined himself to be the Anti-Christ, beheads himself upon a guillotine preserved from French Revolution days in an old curiosity shop in Paris. *Dunstan*, a young novelist, who has lost his amazing yet admirable wife to an American artist on the honeymoon in Brittany, contrives

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he was born to than Mr. Harben. . . . His people talk as if they had not been in books before." Notwithstanding the fact that "The Triumph" (Harper's, New York) is a tale of the time immediately preceding, during and following the civil war, this latest of Mr. Harben's sturdy volumes introduces people who talk and act as if they had not been in books before. Here we have a story that runs smoothly, without problemizing. It is a tale of love and war only secondarily. Primarily it is the depiction of the well-nigh sublime character of a southern man who hated slavery and was driven into the northern army against his wish and will. Andrew Merlin dominates the book—a strong native character, enduring to the utmost for his convictions of right. In this book we find what very probably is a fairly accurate depiction of the conditions in northern Georgia in the period mentioned, but the story is told for its own sake and not to moralize. The work of the Ku-Klux Klan is set forth vividly toward the end of the tale. Mr. Harben has revivified a part of the perished life of the south. He has given us a civil war story, after these many years and the hundreds of dead-and-done civil war stories, written from an angle of insight sufficiently different from the ordinary as to be almost fresh-killed. "The Triumph" is a respectable contribution to American historical fiction.

❖

Mr. Emerson Hough of Chicago, who began fictionizing in middle age, is remarkably prolific. "The Broken Gate" (Macmillan, New York) is easy reading, but difficult of acceptance, inasmuch as its central situation is one that by the law of averages perhaps would not happen more than once in a billion years. Aurora Lane of Spring Valley bears a son out of wedlock. She contrives to have the child disappear, the populace believing it has died. The boy returns in young manhood, having discovered that he has a mother. The mother has lived all the years in her native town, scorned by the "unco guid" and scorning them, but leading an upright life. The mystery in the story has to do with the identity of the boy's father. This person turns out to be the distinguished jurist who hopes to become United States senator. The tale is interesting, worth reading to stave off the blues or in the absence of books of solider content; but it lacks the grip of stories that stick closer to human probabilities.

❖

When one begins reading "The Empty House," published anonymously by the Macmillan Co., one is inclined to suspect a narrative of more or less salacious appeal. This suspicion or expectation fails of fulfillment. Probably the average reader, be he of average human nature, will be disappointed, not because there is a lack of raciness and intimate "sex stuff" in the book, but for the reason that he needs must reach the conclusion that the woman who wrote it is a measurably silly creature after all. Her mother having been killed, so the family doctor and the neighbors said, by too much child-bear-

ing, this authoress in her childhood resolves never, never to have children herself. She marries. Her husband acquiesces in her attitude. Their house is childless. Also, long before the end, it is husbandless. The husband works himself to death, having no home interest other than his wife, who meddles in his business affairs because she has nothing else to do. There is nothing naughty in the narrative. Some men will enjoy the part wherein the brusque old German biologist breaks forth against what he calls the American woman's pernicious practice of not having children. "One child, perhaps—two," he blurts; "no child at all, what difference? The American woman has not children. Her sex is idle. It is your deep disaster. Your woman would escape her one use for living. She would escape her one business in life. She would escape the business of her sex. She would be light, gay, charming, young forever. It is that of which I speak, when I say she does wrong sexually—not in mere offences against some marriage law. It is deeper—this thing of which I speak. It is a crime against nature." Then the woman who tells the story in the first person writes: "What you ought to do," I said to myself, "you great coarse animal thing, is to bear a few children yourself. Bear—bear—bear like my mother did. If you'd borne one, you wouldn't be sitting there like a fat Chinese god, laying down the law for the universe about things you know nothing about." Our German professor retorts: "A crime against nature, yes. A biologic sin!" "Horror!" I said to myself (quoting the book), letting myself down, and taking it less seriously. "Is that what I am? A disaster—a biologic sin! I know now." The book seems to be in the nature of a protest against women being regarded as "animals—just nothing but breeding animals." But it fails to convince either the male animal or the discerning reader.

❖

Thomas Burke is a Britisher who can write tales of a certain sordid sort that leave an after-taste of sordidness—altogether unsweetened bitterness. The fact that in "Limehouse Lights" (Robert M. McBride & Co., New York) it is done with deft artistry is consolatory, but you do not like that sort of tale unless you like that sort of thing. This is a book of tales of love and lovers in the West India dock district of London. These are stories of life naked and raw and unashamed. The lovers are Chinese, half-breeds of several Oriental lands, low-caste pugilists, drunkards. The girls are the inevitable products of an environment of law-breaking—some of them apparently bad inherently, others innocent because of extreme youthfulness. "The Gorilla and the Girl" is a short story with an unholy "punch" of the O. Henry sort at the end. However, there is no imitative intent or suggestion in any of these tales. They are the work of a man who seems to know intimately the life whereof he writes, and he possesses the gift of depicting that life in all its supremacy of sordidness, sin, horror. The stories are strongly done, whether you may fancy that sort of thing or

to have the self-decapitated Anti-Christ buried as himself. The manner of Dunstan's resurrection and final marriage to the girl whom he should have wedded in the first place is almost comical, yet one withholds laughter by reason of the ingrowing seriousness of the author's intention. Dunstan's quest, like that of Mr. Wells' bishop, is for God, but in this story the hero goes back to his English home town and joins the church. The story of his first wife's finding herself, along with her true and proper mate, is delicious; in this part of the book the reader finds justifiable excuse for audible hilarity; it is a bit of humor—common-sensed, however, in its ap-

plication—which serves as relief from the tragic mid-part of the novel, wherein the Anti-Christ, who, by the way, predicts in 1913 the Armageddon of the following year, is a depressant figure. The book is chaste, though overloaded with spiritual horrors.

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To an American it is a relief to turn from the God-questing works of these two Englishmen and read a real honest-to-God story by Mr. Will N. Harben of Georgia, of whom Mr. Howells has written: "Of all our localists, as I may call the type of American writers whom I think the most national, no one has done things more expressive of the life

shrink from it. Sunday school librarians will not like "Limehouse Lights."

❖

Mr. Alfred A. Knopf of New York, who publishes a yellow novel named "Dandelions," says of the author: "I welcomed this new writer, a man who will bear watching, but whose first book—if he writes a hundred others—will always bring pleasure to those who read it and value a good story well told. And now, having introduced him, I leave the stage to Mr. Coulson T. Cade." Mr. Cade's "Dandelions" is printed on yellowish paper, with the top yellowed instead of gilded; the outside title is stamped in yellow. No doubt all this saffronization is in compliment to the title, though there may be those who would apply it to the contents. The book is clever, undoubtedly; smartly written; and chiefly about smart folk of the British aristocracy, though into it are introduced two maidens—not necessarily virginal—of lower-class lineage.

The smart set probably will pluck "Dandelions" with appreciation; it embalms, without odor of decay, much of the smug naughtiness of that set. Briefly, the story is that of Sir Harold Carne and his son, upon whom is bestowed the stupid name of Cupid. However, Sir Cupid fits the name. Like his father, he inclines to love-making below his caste. Mr. Cade closes his tale with the reader suspecting that Sir Cupid, like his father, is upon the edge of propagating illegitimate issue to plague his family in after life. This book is neither stale nor flat, but except as a bit of clever writing, it is unprofitable.

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Maria Thompson Daviess has written in "The Heart's Kingdom" (Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago) a story calculated to appeal to both the orthodox-grounded and the open-minded skeptic as to religion, while it should make an hour's interesting reading for anybody who likes a love story.

The hero is a masterful youth who has returned from the trenches in France to become pastor of a church in an American town. The heroine is a young woman who, though distinctly unorthodox in religion, loves the masterful preacher. The tale is told in the first person. "I am a woman who has very decided tastes about the biological man," she says. "I know just how I want the creatures to look, and I haven't much interest in one that isn't at least of the type of my preferred kind. Because I am very tall and broad and deep-bosomed and vivid and high-colored, and have strong white teeth that crunch up about as much food in the twenty-four hours as most field hands consume, and altogether I am very much like one of the most vigorous of Sorolla's paintings, that is the probable pathological reason I have always preferred an evolved Whistler masculine nocturne that retreats to the limits of my comprehension and then beckons me to follow." The evolved Whistler masculine nocturne was the young minister. There is a cyclone which removes the heroine's cousin to whom she is engaged to be married; also a cyclone of emotions, resulting in the girl's acceptance of the faith. The author does not altogether eliminate, in bringing about the "conversion" of her heroine, the ele-

ment of sex-attraction, though she makes brave effort to do so.

❖❖❖

Coming Shows

Eddie Foy and the seven little Foys in an act excelling their previous efforts will lead the Orpheum bill next week. The four Haley sisters, a singing quartet, will also be a feature. Other numbers are Lyons and Yoso with harp and violin; a delightful sketch called "The Night Boat;" Lillian Fitzgerald supported by Clarence Senna; Miss Lietzel, the wonder of the air; Fern, Biglow and Mehan, comedy gymnasts; Horn and Ferris in a song novelty and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

❖

Henceforth—for the remainder of the present season at least—only first class attractions will be seen at the American theatre. Klaw and Erlanger's splendid production of "Ben-Hur" with cast, scenery and equipment equal to any that have made the play famous for nearly two decades, will open there next week. More than two hundred and fifty persons are employed in the production, which includes a strong dramatic cast, a large chorus of trained voices, a ballet, scores of extra people and twenty horses. The first scene, "The Star of Bethlehem," is one of the most beautiful and patterns should be in the theatre by eight o'clock in order not to miss it.

❖

"Cheating Cheaters," the brilliant New York success which ran for almost a year at the Eltinge theatre last season, will be presented at the Shubert-Garrick next week under the direction of A. H. Woods. It is a farce-melodrama dealing with two ingenious and original sets of crooks who try to get the better of each other in a fashion new to the usages of the underworld.

❖

The new Columbia bill will be headed by "The Zig Zag Revue of Today," a panorama of mirth, song and girls. Another leading attraction will be William Trainor and company in "The Simple Life," an interesting skit on the stage. Other numbers are Azard brothers, athletes; Arthur Swain's performing rats and cats; Barron and Bennett in "nonsensicalities;" Pat and Peggy Houlton in "A Summer Flirtation;" Annie Kent, the girl who writes her own songs; George Schindler, harmonica player; Louis Jamison, eccentric comedian, the Universal Weekly and the Judge-Brown pictures.

❖

"Circus Days," a three-ring miniature musical comedy with giggling girls and several song hits, will head the bill at the Grand Opera House next week. Other numbers are: Dick Henry and Carrie Adelaide, dancing; a submarine satire called "The Cruise of the Doughnut;" Fag and White in a black and tan specialty; Clarence Wilbur, late of "Funny Folks;" the Gaynell Everett trio in songs and dances; Taketa brothers, Oriental entertainers; and the Universal Weekly.

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Sam Williams' "Girls from Joyland" will be the attraction at the Standard next week. Billy Gilbert and Bobby Barker are the chief fun-makers; the supporting cast is of unusual burlesque merit including Beula Kennedy, Ida Nicolai, Zaida Barker, George Brower and Dan Diehl. There is also a beautiful chorus beautifully gowned, and Tiny Doris, the dance marvel, appears at each performance.

❖

Another old favorite is to be revived next week—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is coming to the Imperial. There will be

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a company of fifty people including twenty real southern negroes. There will also be horses, ponies, donkeys, bloodhounds and a log cabin. Every effort has been made for a pleasing production and old theatre goers as well as young ones should secure an evening's pleasant entertainment.

❖

On next Sunday evening the Milwaukee Pabst theatre company will appear at the Victoria theatre for the third time this season and will present "Aha! the Stork!" This is a farce comedy dealing with the peasant life of upper Bavaria. Miss Reutenberg and Messrs. Marlow and Loebel will have the star parts and will entertain with special songs and dances. The comedy "Heaven on Earth," originally announced, will be presented at a later date.

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The Washington University glee and mandolin clubs will give their sixth annual concert on Friday evening, January 11, at the Odeon. The programme will consist of ensemble, solo, quartet and quintet numbers by each club, followed by variety sketches. The clubs have just returned from a successful tour of western Tennessee and southern Illinois.

Headed by Abe Reynolds, popular delineator of Hebrew characters, and Florence Mills, considered by some the handsomest woman on the burlesque stage, Max Spiegel's "Merry Rounders" will open a week's engagement at the Gayety theatre next Sunday afternoon. These will be supported by an excellent cast including Doc Dorman in a rural character role; Jean Leonard, a dainty ingenue; Eugene Morgan, black-face artist and a chorus of twenty-four sprightly girls.

❖

Alma Gluck Recital

Alma Gluck will appear in recital at the Odeon next Monday evening assisted by Salvatore de Stefano, celebrated harpist. The programme will bring each artist out three times. Mme. Gluck's offerings include the aria "O Serpina Penserte," Mozart's "Zefiretti Lusinghieri," Handel's beautiful "O Sleep Why Dost Thou Leave Me" and Hayden's "Mermaid Song." She will give a group by Debussy, Pala-dilhe and Rimsky-Korsakow, and another by Willeby, Stenson, Cadman and LaForge. The harp numbers by Signor de Stefano comprise Longo's "Ballade," Zabel's "The Fountain," Debussy's "Arabesque," Bach's "Bourree" and Dizi's "Etude de Concert."



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Symphony

Henry Hadley, whose fourth symphony "North, East, South and West" will be the orchestral feature of the symphony concerts of this week, has furnished the following interpretation of the work: "The first movement (North) depicts cold and gloom, storm and shrieking winds; the second (East) suggests the Orient, with a strange dance and other florid features; in the third (South) negro themes and syncopated ragtime rhythms are used; and in the last (West) the spirit of the west may be said to be embodied. This movement and the symphony ends with Indian themes." Two other first time numbers will be given: a ballad for baritone to be sung by the American baritone, Reinhard Werrenrath, soloist for the concerts, and a scherzo by the contemporaneous French composer, Roger-Ducasse. The programme follows:

Mozart—

Overture to "Marrage of Figaro"

Mozart—

(a) Recitative, "Tutto e disposto" from the "Marriage of Figaro."

Aria, "Aprite un po quegl occhi!"

Mussorgsky—

(b) Aria, "Vision Fugitive" from

"Herodiade."

Hadley—
Symphony No. 4, Op. 61, North,
East, South and West.
(First time.)

Chadwick—
Ballad for Baritone "Lochinvar."
(First time.)

Roger-Ducasse—
"Le Joli Jeu de Furet" Scherzo for
Orchestra.
(First time.)

Another baritone, Dr. Fery Lulek, is announced as soloist for Sunday's "Pop" concert, of which the principal number will be Tchaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite." In honor of the many soldiers who attend the "Pops" Conductor Zach has listed Schubert's "March Militaire" as the opening number.

♦♦♦

A 300-pound man stood gazing longingly at the nice things displayed in a haberdasher's window for a marked-down sale. A friend stopped to inquire if he was thinking of buying shirts or pajamas. "Great Scott, no!" replied the fat man sorrowfully. "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."

Two Books on Women

By Marjorie M. Carlisle

Here are two books about women—"Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia," by Katherine Anthony (Henry Holt & Co.), and "Woman War Workers," by Gilbert Stone (T. Y. Crowell Co.). The latter may simply be summarized as a compilation by Mr. Stone of the true stories of women working in various trades formerly sacred to men. We read of the munition worker, the gardener, the tram-conductor, the butcher's "delivery boy," the nurse and the bank clerk. These personal experiences, most of them written in a rather vague or "jerky" style—though often with flashes of humor—are by far the best part of the book. The remaining part with stories of nurses, welfare-workers, French women, etc., we know already. What magazine to-day is not full of such? The book closes with a hackneyed prophecy, which we all feel already, that "we have therefore to see the problem of woman's competition confronting us."

The general impression of this book is that these women are not especially sex conscious. It is not the fact that they are *women in men's trades*, but it is the fact that they are *patriotic* that impresses one. All of the writers tell frankly of poor wages and living conditions, but they think it doesn't matter, for through them some man is free to go to the trenches!

Vastly different in its viewpoint is Miss Anthony's book on feminism. Here we have a thoughtful, well-written exposition of the growth of feminism, its novelists and its organizations, its campaigns, its philosophy. This last—its philosophy—is explained in a chapter at the end of the book, and by all rights, it should be at the front. For how many casual readers really know what "feminism" means. I myself immediately think of a book called "The Business of Being a Woman." Miss Anthony's chapters define feminism variously thus: "The Emancipation of Woman as a Personality," "The Soul of a Sex Emerging," "The Restoration of Woman's Self-Respect." The whole idea is, then, to emphasize and organize this sex consciousness. The most typical movement—the keynote—is described in the chapter entitled "Mutterschutz" (literally "mother protection"; I believe "one standard of morality" expresses it in English). This chapter is a plea for an entirely new ethics of sex relations. The occasion for this demand is the alarming growth of illegitimacy, in Germany, particularly. The practical demand is for recognition of the unmarried mother, legally; giving her, among other things the state maternity insurance, equally with her more fortunate married sister. This is not all. There is demand for eugenic laws, for birth control, for making the father equally responsible with the mother for the offspring out of wedlock. The book points out that Scandinavia has gone far beyond Germany and other countries in this respect. The philosophy of the feminists is chiefly influenced by Ellen Key, the Scandinavian. It demands "new ethical ideals," and "new social customs relating to sex," i.e., reform of the marriage relation.

It seems to me that it is hard for the average American woman to get the proper sympathetic viewpoint with Miss Anthony in all these matters. Our philosophy is far different, due to our conditions, and viewpoint. Strictly speaking, I wonder if we are "feminists?" We demand the vote, not as women, but as part of the community of humanity—as "souls," to use an old-fashioned word. Miss Anthony stigmatizes our attitude as "extremely Platonic." It is not that, at all; it is simply that we do not need to become so embittered as to make the movement a war of the sexes. Here in America we have co-education from the kindergarten to the state university. To be sure there are Harvard and Yale, but these are aristocratic—I speak for the middle classes. There in Germany, the fight is still on for proper preparatory schools. This is one example of conditions wherein the two countries, and even the continents differ. This does not mean that from the calm heights of our "Platonism" we can look down on this feminist philosophy. We cannot afford to reject this book, for it is full of practical suggestions—which we need.

♦♦♦

A Lost Land

A childhood land of mountain ways,
Where earthly gnomes and forest fays,
Kind foolish giants, gentle bears,
Sport with the peasant as he fares
Affrighted through the forest glades,
And lead sweet wistful little maids
Lost in the woods, forlorn, alone,
To princely lovers and a throne.

Dear haunted land of gorge and glen,
Ah me! the dreams, the dreams of men!

A learned land of wise old books
And men with meditative looks,
Who move in quaint red-gabled towns
And sit in gravely-folded gowns,
Divining in deep-laden speech
The world's supreme arcana—each
A homely god to listening Youth
Eager to tear the veil of Truth;

Mild votaries of book and pen—
Alas, the dreams, the dreams of men!

A music land, whose life is wrought
In movements of melodious thought;
In symphony, great wave on wave—
Or fugue, elusive, swift and grave;
A singing land, whose lyric rhymes
Float on the air like village chimes:
Music and Verse—the deepest part
Of a whole nation's thinking heart!

Oh land of Now, oh land of Then!
Dear God! the dreams, the dreams of
men!

Slave nation in a land of hate,
Where are the things that made you
great?
Child-hearted once—oh, deep defiled,
Dare you look now upon a child?
Your lore—a hideous mask wherein
Self-worship hides its monstrous sin:
Music and verse, divinely wed—
How can these live where love is dead?

Oh depth beneath sweet human ken,
God help the dreams, the dreams of
men!

—London Punch.

Marts and Money

In the last few days, the Wall street market plainly disclosed the customary effects of an extensive rise in values and a renewal of operations for short account. There was heavy liquidation during the quite interesting flurry in the copper, equipment, shipping and steel departments, and it asserted itself even after it had become known that the presidential railroad message to congress did not deviate in material manner from the proclamation of December 28. The consequent depreciation varied from three to six points in the most mobile instances. Steel common declined from 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 92, Union Pacific common from 118 to 113 $\frac{1}{4}$, New York Central from 73 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 70 $\frac{1}{4}$, Atchison common from 88 to 85 $\frac{1}{2}$, Anaconda Copper from 64 to 60 $\frac{1}{2}$, and General Electric from 137 to 131. In its latest phase, the downward move was somewhat hastened by a resuscitation of peace rumors, in connection with Lloyd-George's elucidation of *entente* purposes. To my thinking, the importance attached to the premier's statements is rather exaggerated. They are not likely to bring peace in the near future. If they do, it will be somewhat of a miracle. There can be no question, though, that they imply a further slight narrowing of the chasm between the two groups of belligerents. The principal difficulty still consists in *la question d'Alsace-Lorraine*. In all probability, the revival of peace talk was an incident rather than a consequential cause of the relapse in values. Considering the vast depreciation established since the autumn of 1916, one should think that a grounding of arms in the next six months had already been discounted in sufficient degree. The leading financiers and market potentates, it is safe to say, know this quite well. Some of them have openly admitted in recent times that quotations are down to peace bases, and that further substantial declines would be wholly unreasonable. In the absence of contradictory events, we are thus justified in the belief that the retrogressive course should be regarded as the secondary decline that usually follows the first precipitate rebound from a severe and prolonged break. If it should extend farther, we will perforce be driven to the conclusion that the powers of depression have regained the upper hand in the general situation. President Wilson's message was distinctly encouraging in all salient respects. Words particularly courting our attention were the following: "I am sure you will agree with me that the owners and creditors of the railways, the holders of their stocks and bonds, should receive from the government an unqualified guarantee that their properties will be maintained throughout the period of federal control in as good repair and in as complete equipment as at present, and that the several roads will receive under federal management such compensation as is equitable and just alike to their owners and the general public. I would suggest the average net railway operating income of the three years ending June 30, 1917." Senator Cummins of Iowa manifests a disposition seriously to differ with the President as regards rates of compensation to holders of se-

curities. But whatever the outcome of the discussions may be, there can be no doubt that it will be satisfactory to both parties in interest. It would not do, at this perilous conjuncture in the nation's life, to trifle with the momentous matters involved in the problems of transportation, financing, and credit. Above all, it must be remembered that only by a scrupulous regard for the rights of millions of owners of securities can we hope to secure the untold billions of dollars that the supreme struggle of nations may yet demand of America. Partisan prejudices and rancor must be stilled until the end is achieved. On December 20, Steel common sold at 79 $\frac{1}{2}$. When the news came from Washington that Attorney-General Gregory had asked the supreme court to postpone arguments on the anti-trust cases against the corporation and six other concerns, the quotation advanced to 98 $\frac{1}{2}$. The subsequent reaction of six points was, so it is said, partly the result of the demand of the corporation's counsel that the government's motion be denied and that the proceedings be pushed to final and early conclusion. A similar motion was entered by the attorneys for the United Shoe Machinery Co. The action against the Steel Corporation was instituted in the fall of 1911. It was pointed out by counsel that "over thirty-two thousand employees had become stockholders at the time the testimony was taken, and that under the corporation's profit-sharing plan thousands more were investing in the shares every year. This process ought not to be allowed to go on indefinitely with no one knowing what the future of the stock is to be or whether it is to have any future at all. It was also declared that "the foreign business of the corporation will obviously show great activity and require large expenditures immediately upon the close of the war, and that these could hardly be undertaken with a threat of dissolution hanging over the corporation." The United Shoe Machinery counsel insisted that "the company is greatly embarrassed by the pending suit in conducting its business and that it feels that its rights should be determined as speedily as possible." The five other defendant corporations are the International Harvester, the Eastman Kodak, the American Can, the Quaker Oats, and the Corn Products Refining Companies. Touching the government's application for delay, some prominent Wall street critics thought fit to indulge in sneering words concerning President Wilson's former pronounced hostility to great corporate organizations and his present radical change of attitude. In view of our "little unpleasantness" with Germany, thoughtful observers will hardly feel impressed with this inconsistent cry of inconsistency. There are times when a rigid avoidance of inconsistency is tantamount to imbecility. Besides, let's not forget that the suit against the Steel Corporation was filed during the consulate of William Howard Taft. The administration's railroad bill has already been introduced, and it is safe to expect that it will be passed as speedily as circumstances will permit. *Inter alia*, it provides that claims for compensation not adjusted by agreement may be submitted to a board of

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standing debts, to redeem paper currency, and to standardize her silver coinage without borrowing a penny from abroad." The New York money market is just a trifle easier so far as call loans are concerned. Time funds still are quoted at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 6 per cent. The London *Banker's Magazine* places the total depreciation in 1916 in the quoted values of British investment holdings at

REEDY'S MIRROR

\$798,000,000, the result altogether of declines in American shares, bonds and notes. The sum total of depreciation in British securities since August 1, 1914, is close to \$3,000,000,000.

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Finance in St. Louis

There was not much activity in the market for local securities. Quotations were pretty well maintained, however, in virtually all the prominent cases. Of especial interest was the enlarged demand for United Railways 4s and preferred stock. The latter was sold at 18 to 20.50, nearly five hundred shares changing hands. The appreciation in value amounted to several points. Of the 4 per cent bonds, \$16,000 were transferred at 52 to 55.87 1/2. Further and still more material betterment in the market position of railway securities would have a decidedly tonic effect on the whole situation. Certain-teed Products common attracted attention by rising five or six points, the top notch being 48. The stock acts as if it intended to ascend above the high point reached last August—51 1/4. It seems well held and in firm inquiry every time it depreciates a point or so. About one hundred and thirty shares were disposed of lately. National Candy common is a little lower. One hundred and ten shares brought 33 to 34. Five Brown Shoe common were sold at 61, ten International Shoe common at 99.25, one hundred and eighty-five Ely-Walker D. G. common at 108, twenty of the second preferred at 85, ten Fulton Iron Works preferred at 99, and \$2,000 Laclede Gas first 5s at 97.75. Business in banking certificates brought no important results. Twenty-two Commerce were taken at 112.50 to 115.50, five Boatmen's at 102.50, and five Mercantile Trust at 350.75. Last year's total of bank clearings in St. Louis went well beyond the \$7,000,000,000 mark, and thus established a new absolute maximum. The rates for loans continue firm at 5 1/2 to 6 per cent.

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Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Lafayette-S. S. Bank	288	
Third National Bank	227	
United Railways com.	5	
do pfd.	16 3/4	20 1/8
do 4s	55	55 1/4
Alton, Granite & St. L. 5s	72	
Fulton Iron com.	49	50 1/4
Certain-teed com.	50	
Missouri Edison 5s	96 1/2	
Ely & Walker com.	108	
do 1st pfd.	103	
do 2nd pfd.	83 3/4	85
Brown Shoe com.	60	62 1/2
do pfd.	91	
Central Coal & Coke com.	55	
Consolidated Coal	70	
Granite-Bimetallic	52 1/2	
National Candy com.	36 1/2	
do 1st pfd.	101	
do 2nd. pfd.	81	
Rocky Mt. com.	37	

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Answers to Inquiries

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—Chicago & Northwestern common has for many years been considered one of the best stocks of its class. The 7 per cent has been paid since 1902. On December 20, the price was down to 85, the lowest in about twenty-eight years. The pres-

ent figure is 94. Judging by recent statements, the dividend is barely earned, but a cut is unlikely with the government in charge both of railroad operations and financing. At 94, the net return on the stock is approximately 7 1/2 per cent. If congress substantially accepts the presidential recommendations, the values of high-grade railroad shares should advance to levels assuring purchasers of not more than 5 1/2 or 5 3/4 per cent. This, provided the war does not last a year or two longer.

G. W., Jacksonville, Ill.—The common stock of the American Sugar Refining Co. sold at 89 on December 18, the lowest price in twenty years. It pays 7 per cent, but could disburse 8 or 9 per cent without overstraining its finances. Holders can afford to take comforting views of the government's disruptive suit. In the improbable event of dissolution, they would get at least \$130 on each share of stock, after settlement of the claims of preferred owners. The price was up to 126 3/8 on June 9 last. You would not be reckless if you bought during the next spell of depression. Real peace news would have no disastrous effect on the market quotation.

MERCHANT, Fairbury, Neb.—(1) The Cerro de Pasco Copper 6s, quoted at 105, are not a first-class investment. They were down to 100 1/2 about three weeks back. In the early part of 1917 they were up to 118. The company is generally regarded as a great property. Some authorities believe that its ore reserves are the most valuable of their kind in the world. So it is reasonable to assume that a purchase of the bonds would not involve a serious risk. (2) You should certainly stick to your holdings of Corn Products 5s. of 1934. They are a good investment, and not likely to record extensive depreciation in the calculable future.

PUZZLED, Oswego, N. Y.—American Woolen common is not a particularly tempting speculation. It looks cheap, however, at the current price of 46, the dividend rate being 5 per cent and fully earned. A purchase at 46 would net nearly 11 per cent. The top mark in 1917 was 58 3/4. The stock is, as a rule, somewhat slow in responding to upward moves in the general market.

W. V. T., Albuquerque, N. M.—(1) Would advise holding Shattuck-Arizona Copper and increasing holdings at or around the ruling price of 16 3/4. The reduction in payments is discounted, the maximum in 1916 having been 40 1/4. The regular 50 cents quarterly will no doubt be maintained indefinitely. (2) Texas Oil is a speculative investment. The price having declined more than one hundred points, the chance of a material gain seems good. The company is in strong condition, financially and physically.

H. D. U., Dubuque, Ia.—Cannot recommend purchasing Lake Erie & Western common. There's really nothing to pull it on, not even under the régime of McAdoo. The quotation may, of course, improve to some extent in case of further sharp enhancement in the general railroad list. Stocks of this kind are merely gambles. The skyrocket performances of former years will not be repeated.

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THE STORY OF YPRES by Hugh B. C. Polard. New York: Robert M. McBride, 75c.

An account of the battles and conditions generally at Ypres, with maps and drawings.

THE OLD FRONT LINE by John Masefield. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.

A description of the old front line as it was when the battle of the Somme began. Illustrated with many photographs.

YOUNG FRANCE AND NEW AMERICA by Pierre de Lanux. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.25.

The reflections of a Frenchman who spent 1917 in America, dealing with present events and those of the near past in their bearing upon the future. A presentation of the possibilities which Franco-American relations will offer after the war.

WILLIAM CLAIBORNE OF VIRGINIA by John Herbert Claiborne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.75.

A faithful portrait of a remarkable character of colonial times and the genealogy of the Claiborne family. The book includes an account of the dispute between Claiborne and Lord Baltimore regarding the ownership of Kent island in Chesapeake bay, which eventuated in warfare between Maryland and Virginia. Map and illustrations.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN by May Sinclair. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.60.

A most dramatic novel showing the effect the war has had upon the English character. The author of "The Divine Fire" at her best.

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1917 by William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: Small, Maynard Co., \$2.

Poems published in American magazines from October, 1916, to September, 1917, selected for their general excellence. The book contains a short biographical sketch of the poets whose work is reproduced; a list of books about poets and poetry; a list of the volumes of poetry published during the year, etc., with an index of first lines and authors.

ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE by Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50.

A lively and perspicacious consideration of the works and qualities of a number of present day writers. A slaughter of the New School. Entertaining.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WOODROW WILSON by Edgar E. Robinson and Victor J. West. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.75.

The development of the President's foreign policies from 1913 to 1917, to which is added the important statements of the President and his secretaries of state in announcing and carrying out these policies. Indexed.

THE UTOPIAN WAY by John Veily. South Bend, Ind.: John Veily, Box 294; \$1.

Essays on ideal commonwealths as a means towards social adjustments and a history of Judaism from Moses to Karl Marx.

THE LAND WHERE THE SUNSETS GO by Orville H. Leonard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35.

Verse, stories and sketches of the American desert.

THE EVERGREEN TREE by Percy Mackaye. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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AMERICA YESTERDAY AND TODAY by Nina B. Lamkin. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Co., 50c.

A pageant, which may easily be given by small communities. Words, music, list of properties, direction of dances and numerous illustrations make the production simple of execution. The book includes an article on the forming of pageant associations.

SILENCE AND TRUE LOVE by J. Brookes More. Fort Smith, Ark.: Thrash Lick Publ. Co.

A poem based on W. A. Falconer's prose translation of Maeterlinck's "Silence."

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Artists All

Two little girls had an altercation. Lucy had told Ellen what the latter called "a little fib." "A fib is the same thing as a story," explained Ellen, "and a story is the same thing as a lie." "No," argued Lucy, "it's not." "Yes, it is," insisted Ellen, "because my father said so, and my father is a college professor, and he knows everything." "I don't care if he is a professor," said Lucy. "My father is a real estate agent, and he knows a lot more about lying than your father."

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Kunnels

A group of Northerners at a hotel in Louisville were poking fun at the partiality of Southerners for the titles of "Colonel," "Major," and "Judge." "What is a colonel hereabout?" asked one of the group, and there immediately followed a discussion. Finally a colored attendant was drawn in. "Well, gents," said the negro, "dere's lots of ways to answer dat question. Ise knowed folks what was born kunnels—it jest run in de blood foh ginegarions. An' Ise knowed folks who was jest app'nted to be kunnels. An' yit others was made kunnels by bein' kind to niggahs. Why, gents, any man dat gives me a dollah is a kunnel to me hencefo' th fohevah."

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"This seems to be a very dangerous precipice," remarked the tourist. "I wonder that they have not put up a warning-board." "Yes," answered the guide, "it is dangerous. They kept a warning-board up for two years, but no one fell over so it was taken down."—Harper's Magazine.

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When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.